Saturday Review
OCTOBER 21, 1961 / 25¢

EDUCATION

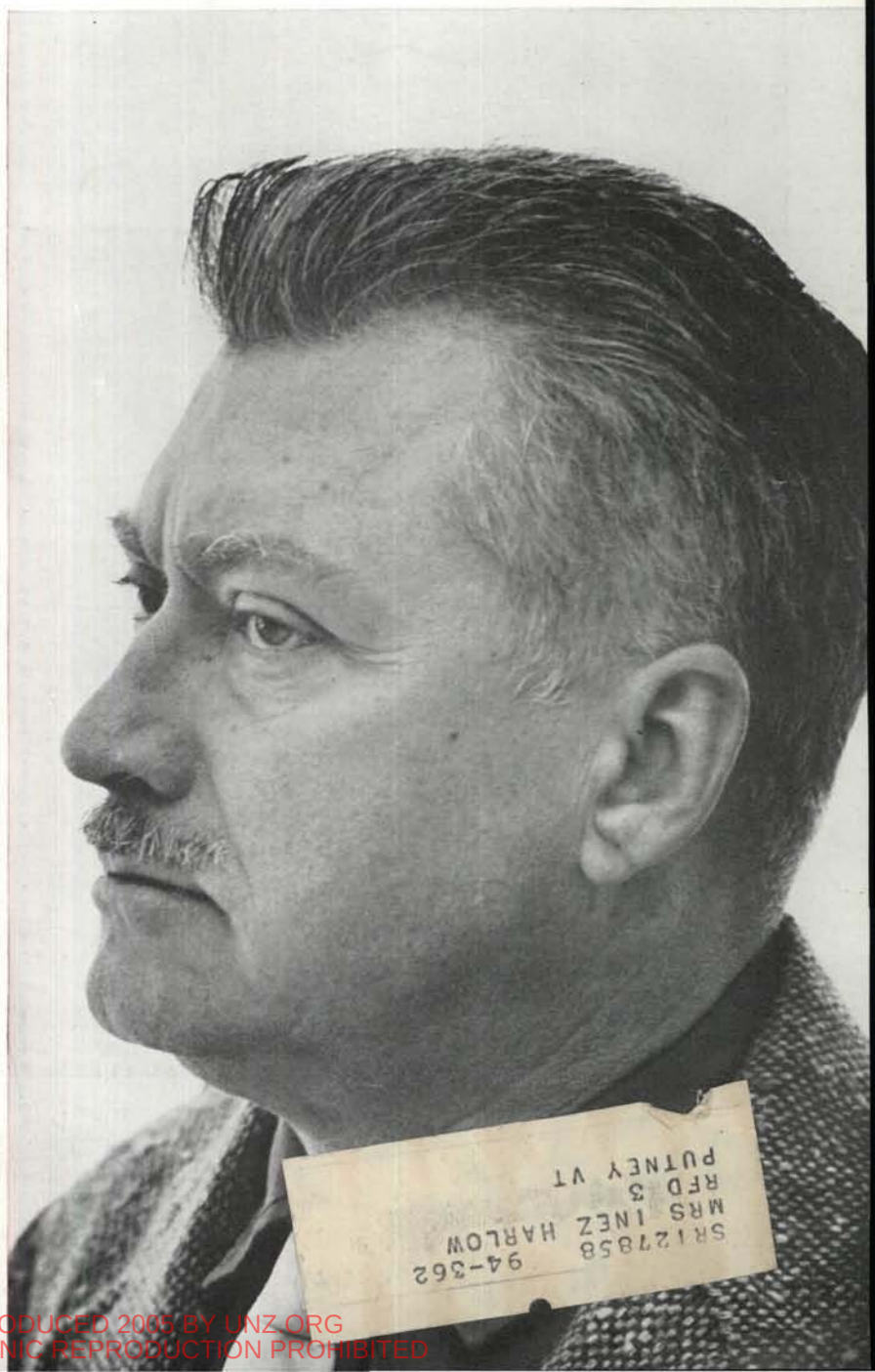
THE TROUBLE WITH EXCELLENCE

By Louis T. Benezet

ILITARY SCHOOLS:
O THEY EDUCATE?
Ralph Lee Smith

RUTALITY
nd the American City
y John La Farge

MacKinlay Kantor, author of "Spirit Lake" *(See Books)*



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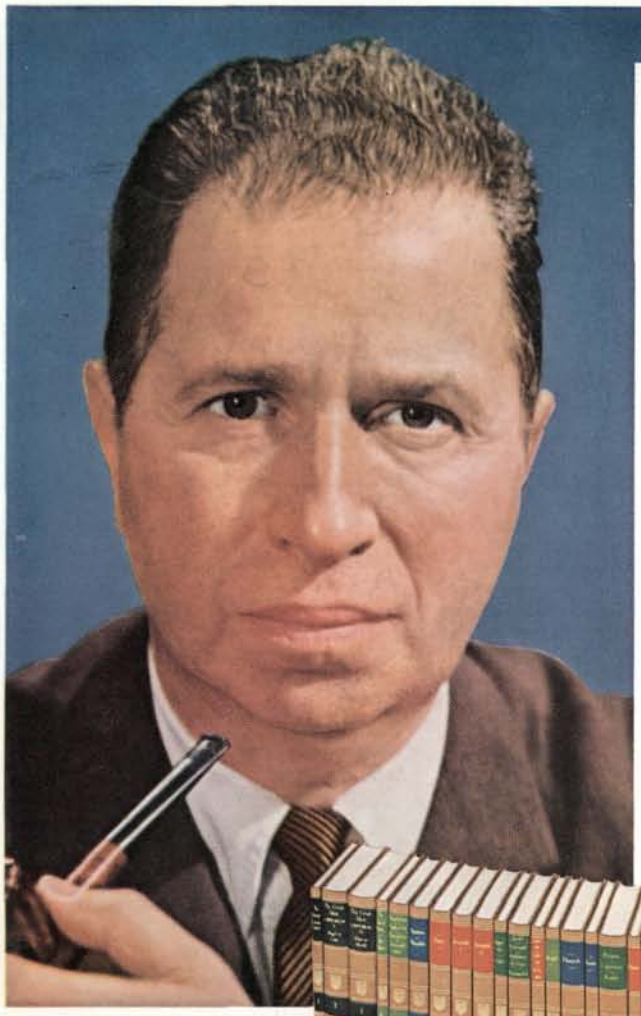

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Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, Editor of the SYNTOPICON

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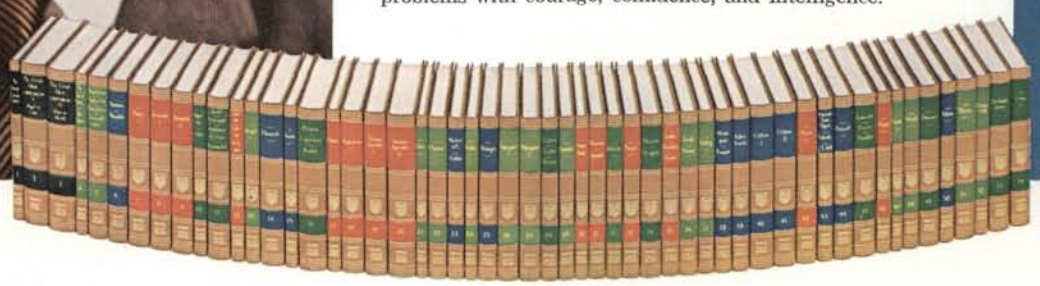

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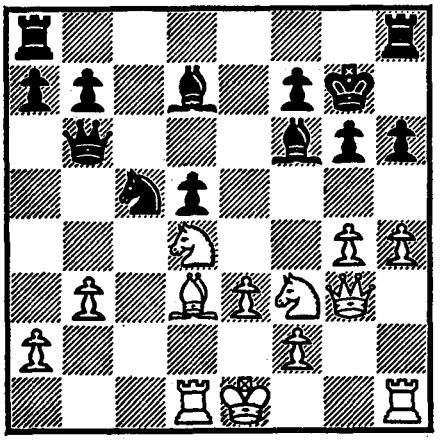
Chess Corner–No. 62

THE United States world championship student team recently conceded first place to a strong team from the Soviet Union in a thirteen-team encounter at Helsinki, Finland. The final results, based on game points rather than match points, follow: Soviet Union, 39½-8½; United States, 34½-13½; Czechoslovakia and East Germany, each 31-17; Bulgaria, 29-19; Hungary, 28½-19½; the Netherlands, 25-23; England and Mongolia, each 20-28; Denmark, 19-29; Finland, 18½-29½; Sweden, 10-38; and Tunisia, 6-42. In their individual match, the Soviets defeated the Americans, 3-1. They made a clean sweep of every match except that with Czechoslovakia, which ended in a 2-2 tie. Aside from its one loss, the United States team tied with Bulgaria, 2-2, and won all its other matches.

Bill Lombardy, at first board for the United States, turned in a creditable performance with seven wins and four draws. Below is his victory over Hungary's Forintos.

GRUNFELD DEFENSE

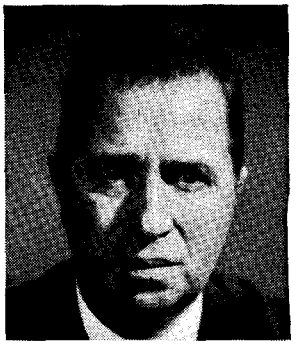
	Lombardy (USA) White		Forintos (Hungary) Black	
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	11 P-KR4	K-N2
2	P-QB4	P-KN3	12 P-K3	P-KR3
3	N-QB3	P-Q4	13 N-B3	B-K3
4	N-B3	B-N2	14 B-Q3	P-B3
5	B-N5	N-K5	15 P-KN4	N-Q2
6	PxP	NxB	16 Q-N3	P-B4
7	NxN	P-K3	17 N-K2	Q-N3
8	Q-Q2	PxP	18 P-N3	PxP
9	Q-K3ch	K-B1	19 N/2xP	N-B4
10	Q-B4	B-B3	20 R-Q1	B-Q2



21	O-O	QR-K1	33	BxB	QxRch
22	B-N1	N-K5	34	B-N1	P-Q5
23	Q-N2	N-B6	35	N/4-B2	Q-N7
24	B-B2	NxR	36	PxP	BxP
25	RxN	P-KR4	37	Q-Q5	B-N3
26	P-N5	B-Q1	38	Q-Q1	R-Q1
27	N-K1	B-N5	39	Q-KB1	KR-K1
28	R-R1	Q-Q3	40	N-B4	Q-B6
29	N-Q3	B-N3	41	NxB	PxN
30	N-N5	Q-QB3	42	N-K3	RxN
31	N-R3	B-KB4	43	PxR	QxPch
32	N-N4	Q-B6	44	K-R1	Q-K4

Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.



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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Old China Hands" ($3.95), published by Doubleday & Company, may be purchased at your local bookseller's or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Fisher Building, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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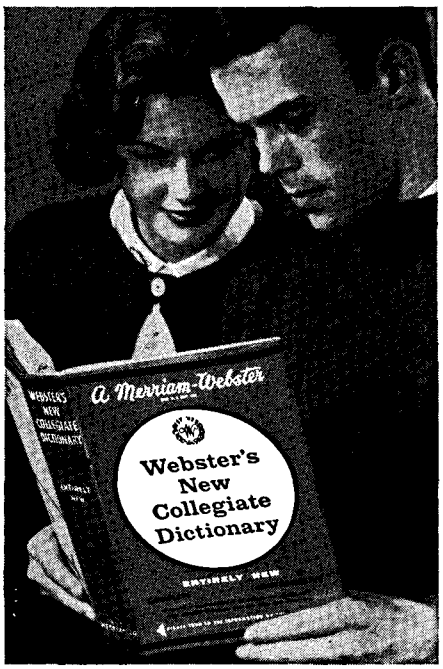

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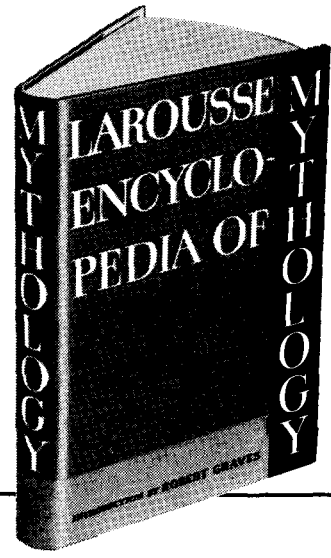

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THE WHALE

YOU CAN say that Science knows a lot that the whale doesn't know but don't say it. Science doesn't know what the whale *does* know and this is the sardine in the woodpile. For instance, the whale was once a land animal and left to go back to sea. I think penguins are on their way back too. One specie is called the "jackass" penguin but forget it. They know something, believe me.

When a whale washes up on a beach, doctors run to it with wires and test its heartbeat. Measuring the heartbeat of a sick whale is fairly inconclusive but these doctors are supported by foundations and have a lot of time.

Stripping the blubber from a whale is called flensing. This word is also used by Japanese swordsmen.

Whales are known (not by me) to carry on long conversations. They have this in common with dolphins. (If you see a porpoise gamboling along ahead of your ship, it isn't. It's a dolphin.) Electronic devices have picked up a lot of whale gibberish and though we haven't broken the code yet, it's probably the usual small talk.

Moby Dick was only nine feet long. (If he *was* a white whale. Ask the man at the museum.)

We tend to think that all the big animals have been wiped out but there are still enormous bears in Alaska and basketball players.

The whale has floated into English in such expressions as, "What a whale of a party!" and "I'm going to whale the tar out of that kid." While these locutions don't mean very much they serve to show the difference between a noun and a verb.

The word for a lady whale is "cow" and is not particularly flattering—but look what happens to a lady dog.

I was offered whale steak once but when I thought of their big brown eyes I couldn't do it. (I thought of "cow" then I thought of "calf" then I thought of veal parmigiana, which I ate.)

—HENRY MORGAN.

• • •

CAVEAT EMPTOR

THERE has been consumer grumbling about promotional phrases like "Full Half Quart" and "Giant Pint," and I think that food distributors had better do something about it before it is too late. What they need is a whole new approach, like the adoption of the apothecary liquid measure—something they can display proudly right on the front of the package, where everybody seems to think such data ought to be anyway. Since there are sixty drops to a dram and eight drams to an ounce, any product sold by the quart could be honestly advertised as containing 256 drams, or 15,360 drops.

For dry products, 448 grams equals one pound. A short pound (for those packers who never will be able to think in terms of full measure) still sounds like a lot if it's made up of 6,855 grains. No? Perhaps you're right. (I will make just a passing reference to the apothecary dry weight, because a pound is made up of 384 scruples, and I don't want to be hooted down for bringing *them* into the picture.)

Maybe the proper attack on the whole matter would be the use of deception on the part of the consumer himself. Next time you, as the family shopper, see something called the "Large Economy Size—$1.39," simply offer the clerk a "Jumbo Dollar" and "Giant Dime" for it. See where that will get you. —GURNEY WILLIAMS.

• • •

MUSIC TO FLY BY

I WAS the first one aboard the jet liner at the International Airport in Los Angeles. As I settled back to read the morning paper, I became aware of the music on the plane's PA system. At first I couldn't believe my ears. I listened attentively. Yes. At nine o'clock of a sunny Southern California morning on a jet about to take off for New York City they were playing "Stormy Weather."

The idea fascinated me. I wondered who picked such music to beguile travelers waiting to be blasted from coast to coast at 600 miles per hour. "Stormy Weather" ended. It was followed immediately by "Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

At this point I began to laugh. An Air Force Captain, the second person aboard the aircraft, seeing me sitting in an empty plane laughing out loud, eyed me quizzically. I told him about

Caveat Empty

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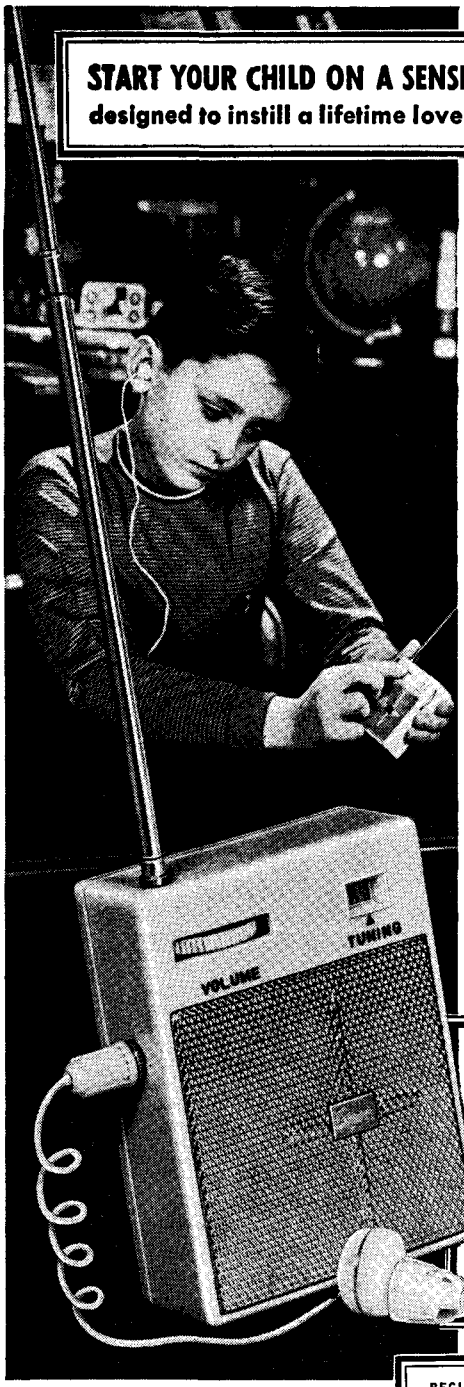

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THE PLAN • To encourage—*without pressure*—a natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It provides—at regular intervals, which is extremely important—authoritative books that are, above all, *fun to read.* Most of the Club's selections in history are famous LANDMARK BOOKS. Most of the selections in science are equally famous ALLABOUT BOOKS. From time to time, when it is obviously to the benefit of our young members, other books are chosen. A notable example is the Young Readers edition of PROFILES IN COURAGE by John F. Kennedy offered below.

THE LANDMARK BOOKS are all written by outstanding authors whose reputations were made in the field of serious adult writing—authors like John Gunther, Pearl S. Buck, Thomas B. Costain and John Mason Brown.

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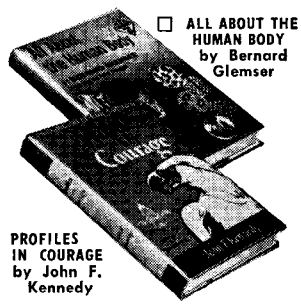

☐ ALL ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY by Bernard Glemser

☐ PROFILES IN COURAGE by John F. Kennedy

NOTE TO PARENTS: ALL ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY contains perhaps the best and most sensible description of human physiology ever written for children. It includes an illustrated explanation of the process of reproduction that has been called "a model of clarity and dignity."

12-10

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NOTE: In Canada, LANDMARK (history) and ALLABOUT (science) BOOKS are $2.06 each ($3.69 for a combination subscription) plus postage and handling, and are shipped *duty free* from Toronto.

YR-45

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New York

"Stormy Weather" and they were still playing "Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

He began to laugh, too, and we started speculating on what the airline might have in mind for the next few numbers. I suggested "If I Had the Wings of an Angel." He came back with "Lost in the Stars." I picked "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone." He thought "Ghost Riders in the Sky" would fit. And we agreed that the theme for the whole concert should be "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling."

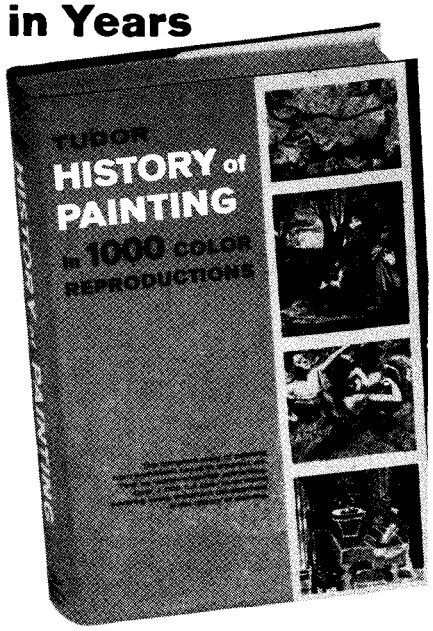
After the drinks were served, the stamped, self-addressed envelope provided by the management to enable travelers to write suggestions to the president of the line tempted me. I asked the president who picked the tune for the PA system and suggested the ones the captain and I had thought up to augment the two we'd heard. I also hinted that maybe such music wasn't psychologically right to toss at early-morning wayfarers in the sky.

I got a polite answer about a week later and forgot the whole matter until one evening, sitting in a jet liner waiting to be hurled to Rome, I heard the same arrangement of "Stormy Weather" followed by the same arrangement of "Would You Like to Take a Walk?" One carrier, as a result of my letter, I decided, had sold the tape to the competition. I've changed my mind about that. I now think suppliers of canned music are out to destroy air travel.

Returning from London by jet, after the trip that started with "Stormy Weather," we ran into more such weather than I care to remember, but our wheels were down and we were about to land at Idlewild. Suddenly, as the big plane pitched and tossed, bumped and rolled violently in a fierce thunderstorm, the wheels came up again and we pitched and tossed, bumped and rolled violently for another hour and a quarter before our wheels touched land. When they stopped rolling there was a deep sigh of survival and an even deeper sigh of chagrin as our pilot said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are at Logan Airport, Boston."

Many of the passengers were a remarkable shade of green, and all were badly shaken up physically and emotionally as we staggered from the ship and made our way through the driving rain to a waiting room that had no air conditioning. It was like a Turkish bath. But a Turkish bath with music. If you think the music was "Stormy Weather," you're wrong. Life doesn't work things out so neatly. The tune that was being played was "It's Good to Be Alive." —CARROLL CARROLL.

The Most Useful Art Book Published in Years



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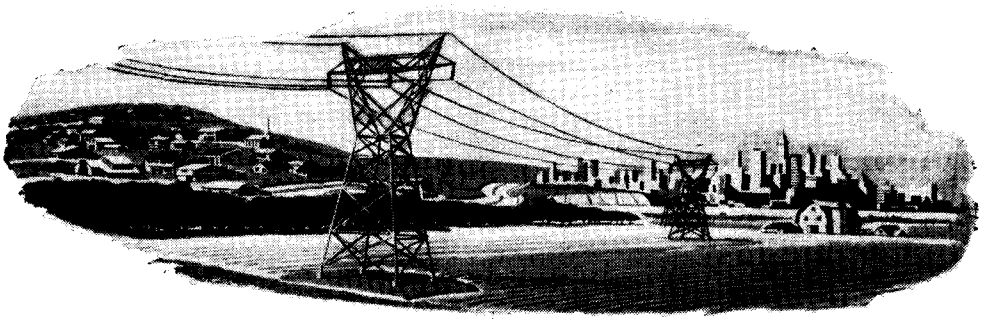

WHY...?

WHY are some people urging the federal government to spend billions more on electric power plants when the federal budget is already hard pressed to meet the nation's defense needs?

WHY are some people trying to get the government to spend money needlessly on federal electric transmission lines instead of using existing and planned facilities of the investor-owned electric light and power companies?

WHY do certain pressure groups keep pushing for more federal government electricity when the electric light and power companies can supply all the additional power the nation will ever need?

WHY should the federal government spend money needlessly when it can *get* money instead—through the additional taxes the investor-owned electric companies will produce if they supply all of the power for the future?

WHY should the federal government ever waste its effort on jobs American industry can do better, especially when there are so many other problems in the country and the world that only the government can deal with?

The answers to all of these questions are important to you—because they can help curb further waste of your tax money.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

Keep America Powerful

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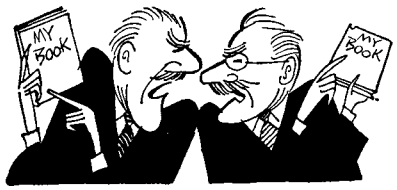
TRADE Winds

WITH THE FROST on the pumpkin and antifreeze in radiators, all kinds of things are buzzing around the book world these days. Four Greenwich Village booksellers were spared the clutches of criminal law when they were charged with selling books on



Sunday. The policeman who brought them in suddenly realized he never actually saw any of them sell a book. In Armonk, New York, a book was finally returned to the public library, after traveling around the world for some 30,000 miles. At Oxford University, two dons clashed head-on in a battle of words about one professor's review of the other's book. Confronting each other on television, they both clammed up and became civil.

Colleges on this side of the Atlantic are getting a thorough going over in "Campus U. S. A.," by David Boroff, (Harper), who tells us that he took a lot of his research notes on cocktail napkins. "Cocktail parties are no mere indulgence," Boroff says. "Tongues begin to wag freely after a while. The problem, however, is to record these marvelous indiscretions."

ALSO ON THE LIBRARY FRONT, Fred Kerner of Fawcett informs us that the Library of Congress recently received a note signed "A Debtor," enclosing $10 and saying that it was for a book "a member of my family took out years and years ago." There's only one hitch: the Library of Congress can't keep the money. By law, it must be forwarded to the U. S. Treasury.

Cities are receiving their share of attention these days. Indiana University is coming out with a new series called "Metropolitan Action Studies," exploring the problems of the exploding medium-sized American city. The Twentieth Century Fund has in progress a study of the exploding "megalopolis," that continuous stretch of cities extending from north of Boston to south of Washington, D.C. Just what happens when the explosions of this study meet the explosions of the Indiana studies is not clear.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS are getting all mixed up with adult books these days, in one way or another. You couldn't find a more colorful character than Shel Silverstein, who is billed alternately and sometimes simultaneously as a cartoonist, "hairy" jazz singer, banjo player, hot dog vendor (he established a record for the number of hot dogs sold in Chicago ball parks), poet, and short story writer.

His new "Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book" (Simon and Schuster) is bound to set childhood and parenthood back a couple of centuries. "B is for Baby," says one of the hilarious pages, ostensibly addressed to the child who can read. "Picture the baby. The baby is fat. The baby can laugh. The baby is pretty. The baby can play. Play, baby, play. Pretty, pretty baby. Mommy loves the baby more than she loves you!" Or on another page, you'll read: "Merry Xmas, Kids! And here is Uncle Shelby's Christmas present for you, a shiny new

quarter and I pasted it on here myself." An arrow points to a smudged spot, looking like a glue mark, but with no shiny quarter. A P.S. on the page adds: "I hope your mommy doesn't take the quarter off the page, and keep it."

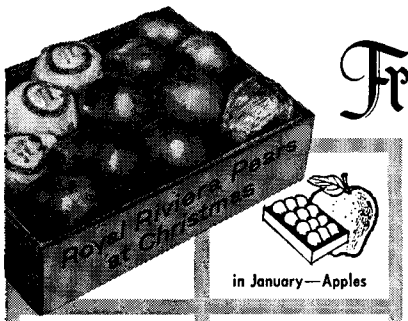
"I guess it's really for adults," says Uncle Shelby wistfully, "But it'd be nice if kids liked it, too."

MEANWHILE, Arthur Barron and Murray Polner have pooled their talents for Doubleday to produce a parent and teacher's guide to New York City, "Where Shall We Take the Kids?" It

A dozen dazzling gifts

from Harry & David ('way out in Oregon)

Fruit-of-the-Month Club*



in January—Apples

February—Grapefruit

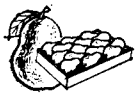
March—Royal Oranges

April—Pineapple

May—Preserves

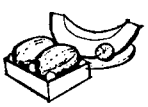
June—Home-Canned Fruit

July—Nectarines


August—Summer Pears

September—Peaches

October—Grapes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THE TIMES

LONDON

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

announces one of the outstanding publishing events of 1961:
a special number devoted to European culture, and entitled

'European Exchanges'

This number will survey the realm of Current European Literature and Scholarship spotlighting the contributions made by individual countries.

These are but some of the 21 subjects that will arouse controversy among the cognoscenti throughout the world:

The nature and place of criticism

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What the Russians are writing about, and what they would like to write about

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Italian realism and its aftermath

Poland since 1956

Revival of the Arts in Spain

Poetry: sense of rhetoric

Christianity and literature

Reception of Freud's ideas

The different schools of historical writing

Literary Prizes

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT is designed for men and women who value good reading and appreciate the arts. Martin Mayer writing in 'Esquire' recently called it 'One of the great institutions of the civilized world'. Some 60 works from the world's presses are reviewed each week by well-known scholars and men of letters. A review in the 'T.L.S.' is always worth reading—and so, usually is the book.

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A sparkling social satire about the demons about us

A Modern Demonology

BY FRANK GETLEIN

with 85 illustrations by

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The first Demonology since that authorized by James I of England, this modern volume fills a long-felt need. The satiric pen of Getlein and the acid line of Osborn hunt down and expose the modern demons that have crept in everywhere, from the schoolroom to the marriage bed. The author's penetrating contribution to our knowledge of our secret selves presents a fresh new view of the strange world we take for granted . . . and his illustrator-collaborator has "peopled" it with some of the sharpest creations since Osborn on Leisure and The Vulgarians.

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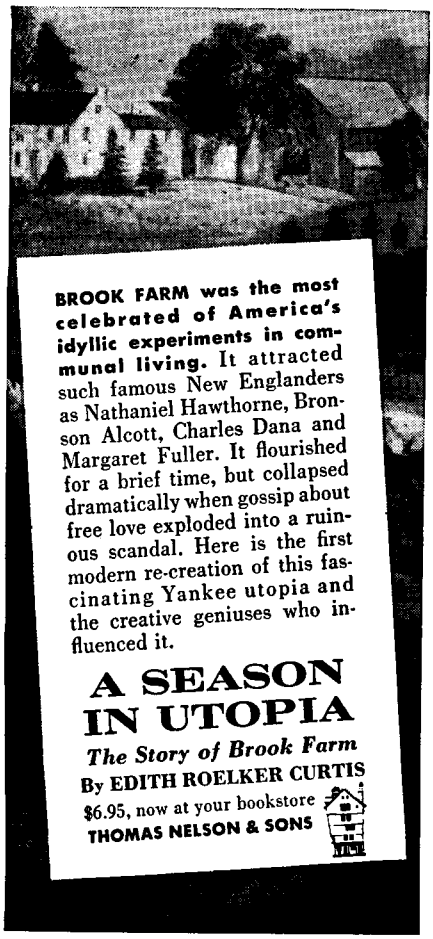
BROOK FARM was the most celebrated of America's idyllic experiments in communal living. It attracted such famous New Englanders as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, Charles Dana and Margaret Fuller. It flourished for a brief time, but collapsed dramatically when gossip about free love exploded into a ruinous scandal. Here is the first modern re-creation of this fascinating Yankee utopia and the creative geniuses who influenced it.
A SEASON IN UTOPIA
The Story of Brook Farm
By EDITH ROELKER CURTIS
$6.95, now at your bookstore
THOMAS NELSON & SONS

includes everything from museums to seaplane bases. To get their information, Barron and Polner visited every location mentioned in the book—for the most part taking their youngsters along.

"We had problems," Art Barron told us. "After the third or fourth month of this, the kids used to hide when we told them we were taking off for another exploration"

ANOTHER NEW children's book has just appeared, called "New Shoes." It's written by Doubleday's Sam Vaughan, who got the idea for it when one of his small daughters kept running around the house barefoot calling for her new shoes. "Shoes are never old to her," says Sam, "until they are replaced by a new pair."

RIDDLES FOR CHILDREN have been reliable favorites for a long time. In the past year, Random House has brought out two books of these in its Beginner Book Series, with fantastic results.

"The general reaction has convinced me," Bennett Cerf writes us, "that not only the kiddies love riddles; their parents are equally intrigued. Furthermore, as seems to be the case with puns, the more outrageous the riddle, the more vociferous the reception."

Right now, Mr. Cerf is putting together a riddle book for adults, and would like to know if any TRADE WINDS readers have some pet riddles they'd like to contribute to the volume. "I'd be mighty grateful," he continues, "if they would write to me here at Random House."

As a few samples of what he's looking for, he includes:

QUESTION: What makes bees hum?
ANSWER: They don't know the words.

QUESTION: What did the swan say?
ANSWER: Take me to your Leda.

QUESTION: What did the rake say to the hoe?
ANSWER: Hi, hoe.

"You see, John?" his letter concludes. "Terrible is the word!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1438)

SANTHA RAMA RAU

GIFTS OF PASSAGE

Salim insisted that hot water was unobtainable; the professor kept remarking, "To bathe is essential." At last, I found a rather unorthodox solution to our problem. The way to get hot water was to order tea for twelve people, *without* the tea leaves, milk, and sugar.

Offhand

POLITENESS: a natural force, basis of all social sciences, absorbent of vulgarity, waiting room to wise thoughts, and only solid guarantee of peace. Also: a de-hurrier, a tranquilizer, a builder of self-confidence. Also: nine-tenths of humor, therefore the strongest de-communistizer and de-bircher. I politely suggest it be given official recognition. No enforcement needed: as a natural force it is stronger than atoms: it is Biblical.

IF WE use "politeness" as the word for "freedom" (so flattened by misuse) in all our speeches, declarations, international conferences, and private meditations, everything would be clear again, and those whose intentions are bad would be unable to speak.

FREE (POLITE) is the man who does not speak to others as if they were slaves. A slave is a hurt man, therefore "captive" to a previous impression of pain. (In Italian: *Cattivo* means evil, ill-intentioned. We might say, ungrammatically enough: ill-detentioned.) A hurt man can no more forget his wounds than a man with one leg his lost leg. A free man instead confers unknowingly upon others the privilege so natural to him. He "captivates" without detaining.

THOSE WHO speak haughtily to their inferiors are slaves on temporary leave of absence. Their whole language is battered into one anguished plea: "Remember that at this point I am not chained to you." But it is they who just cannot forget how much they are.

SOME OF THE biggest companies offer free psychoanalysis to those who work for them. If you say you are sick, they consider you normal and cure you; if you say you are well, they reject you as abnormal. Sickness has become a disease.

A FREE MAN has no duty to be loyal to anyone but his God or his conscience. He has instead a fundamental right to respect his own leaders *for reasons unrelated to fear.*

FORCE is a form of weakness.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

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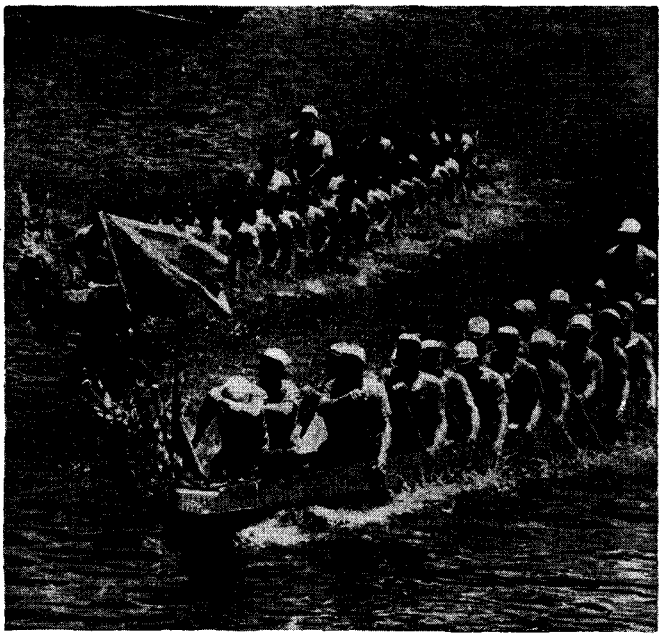
ONE OF THE FEW FESTIVE PLACES LEFT TO VISIT

HONG KONG

In Hong Kong, Chinese festivals begin with a running to and fro as all the important and many-coloured preparations are made. Fireworks sell well at these times — and on the festive day they are put to good and noisy use, with huge man dragons and lions playing out the old legends to drum and firecracker accompaniment. In Hong Kong no one's national day is overlooked and Thanksgiving merits as many flags as Ching Ming . . . geographically and emotionally, Hong Kong lies between East and West. ✠ Only by experiencing it can one capture the thrill of shopping in Hong Kong, for words cannot do justice to the glint of light on jade, the gleam of fine silk brocade or the intricate carvings in teak and ivory. Rare treasures are to be had for the looking, works of art preserved from the ravages of the Mongols, internal revolutions and time itself to find their way behind the plate glass windows and bamboo blinds of Hong Kong's shops. Across the street, slick cameras, binoculars and radios beckon with shiny precision, for this is Hong Kong, market place of the world. ✠ Hong Kong lies on the main, round-world air routes. Tokyo, Manila, Bangkok and Singapore are a few hours away by jet, which makes the Colony an ideal base for touring the Far East. The administration is British and orderly, the service throughout the Colony is typically eastern in its courtesy and desire to please. The hotels and restaurants are modern, air-conditioned and skilled in the gastronomic arts of dozens of countries and as many Chinese provinces. Small in size (398 square miles) but big in scenic attractions, temples, bazaars and Oriental colour, Hong Kong offers the vacationer swimming, golf, tennis, bowls, horse racing, Chinese opera, and the shopper the goods of the world at the lowest prices in the world. Finding your way around Hong Kong is no problem, for English is spoken throughout the Colony, street signs are in English and meter taxis and public transport work exactly the same as in your home town. You can sightsee on your own or use the services of the many tour agencies who operate conducted tours to all parts of Hong Kong and to nearby Macau. Ask your Travel Agent about Hong Kong or write Hong Kong Tourist Association, P. O. Box 5341, Kowloon, Hong Kong.



THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

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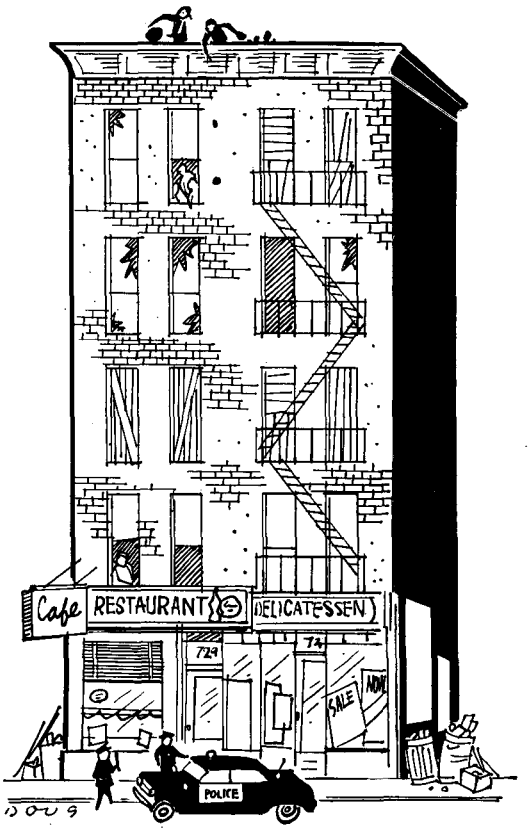
Saturday Review
OCTOBER 21, 1961

BRUTALITY and the City

Is There a Solution to the Problem that Plagues Megalopolis?



By JOHN LaFARGE, S.J., *an associate editor of America, the national Catholic weekly.*

OF ALL the events that occurred in New York City during the sweltering summer of 1961, none seemed to shock the public more than the mass assaults made upon policemen in the course of their duty. When bricks, bottles, even bullets descend from rooftops upon the head of an officer of the law wrestling with gangsters, any decent person feels a bitter sense of outrage. It is not surprising that about 600 policemen and neighbors crowded to the funeral on September 8 of the heroic Patrolman Francis X. Walsh, who died, aged twenty-nine, of gunshot wounds inflicted when on September 4 he and another patrolman frustrated a hold-up at a Harlem grocery store.

So many of these outrages have taken place of late that nobody need be surprised at the angry protests they arouse. "It's all very well," writes an indignant citizen, "for our social workers and clergymen to talk about justice to minority groups and all that sort of thing, but the plain fact is that these same people are making a total mockery of the law." And another complains: "Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy may be apologizing to audiences in Africa's ex-French Ivory Coast about the extent of racial prejudice in the United States and deploring anti-Negro terrorism. But how about terrorism in the streets of our City, so that it is no longer safe for a woman of any age to go out alone at night, lest she be robbed and/or mugged?" Even the churches fear to conduct their evening devotions. The objectors are not talking nonsense. A very fine old colored lady of my acquaintance was obliged this spring to quit her comfortable little apartment in Harlem—after having been twice robbed in the apartment's elevator—and seek refuge with the charity of the Little Sisters of the Poor. "All very well for the clergy to denounce racial prejudice from the pulpit, but how about the disorder these migrants and their children have brought upon us?"

It's not alone the violence that is alarming, it's the downright meanness. We can't think of anything more mean and cowardly than a couple of young hoodlums stealing the clothes, watch, and wallet left on the wharf by a patrolman who is desperately struggling to rescue a drowning man in the river. That sort of thing can start some sober thinking.

Yet the thinking must be truly sober; for if we let the racial panic grip us, as it so easily can, the last state can be worse than the first. Racism itself is a poison, destroying all possibility of self-respect, and all hope for the individual. It is a path that leads sooner or later to moral despair. The decent people of any or every race are the sufferers from these public disorders. Conditions on the street menace churchgoers—to take but one category of citizens—regardless of race, color, or creed. My words have a local flavor, but they apply to many another city in the land. Since we are talking of New York City policemen, we can recall that on September 12 of this year five brave men were cited by the Commissioner of Police with the Civilian Commendation bar for helping policemen "at considerable personal risks." Three of these five heroes—a cab driver, John James; a postman, Leroy Hunter; and a bricklayer, Bryant

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Thomas, who is also commander of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, Auxiliary Police, in Harlem—were Negroes.

Is there any way to spot the source of the trouble?

No single individual, no single agency, can cope with such a demanding task. If you doubt this, you need only glance at the voluminous publications of Professor Robert A. MacIver's monumental Juvenile Delinquency Evaluation Project of the City of New York, and at parallel undertakings in other American cities. Every day our great urban centers become more densely crowded, and we continue to leave systematic metropolitan planning to future generations. The technical problems of space exploration are hardly more difficult, in the long run, than the problems of how to meet the challenge of persons living in community here on the solid old earth.

Says the MacIver report in sober language:

> Evidence is grimly plentiful . . . that youth of high delinquency live under conditions characterized by congested, deteriorated housing, greater liability to tuberculosis and other diseases, lack of medical and dental care, broken families, and a whole array of deplorable features. Most of these areas are centers of in-migration. The incoming groups, mainly Puerto Rican and Southern Negro, are caught in the vicious net of circumstances that has so often entangled the poverty-ridden in-migrant, subject to exploitation and discrimination in one form or another. To add to their frustrations, their children, lacking the opportunities of other youngsters, are often retarded at school. That, under these conditions, a minority of these succumb to delinquency is less remarkable than that a large majority of them eventually grow up to be good citizens. The conclusion is clear, however, that no matter what other services we provide, if we do not remove these adverse breeding conditions they will continue to breed delinquency.

It's the "in-migrants" today that the city welcomes: not the immigrants from the old countries of Europe. They were problem enough for the city in their own time. A lot of the complaints you hear today about the "unassimilable" Negroes from the rural South, or the Spanish-speaking people from the Caribbean, are strikingly like the denunciations that greeted the brawling Irish or the quarrelsome Italians when they first started to make their home on Manhattan Island and the vicinity.

Is, then, our attitude toward these latter-day immigrants to resolve itself into a state of panic? Pushers of the panic button usually gain their audience, especially if they clothe themselves as patriots. But panic solves nothing, and creates infinitely more difficulties than those that are alleged as its excuse.

Or shall we resolutely face the full problem of integration? Desegregation—which New York has generally accepted as an established policy—is only a prerequisite for integration. Is the lamp to be turned downward, concentrating its light solely upon our private grievances? Or is it to flame upward, to point out for us the task ahead?

Easy, ready-made formulas are always popular: something that will apparently take care of disagreeable "tensions," so we can turn our attention to pleasanter affairs. But the work of accepting and integrating the new arrivals in our communities has to follow the difficult pattern of lofty thought combined with humble action. Have we the faith in God and man, the faith to see what can be made out of these troubled and confused people? Have we the hope that will guarantee the perseverance of our effort? Have we the practical love that will make us ready to descend into the exacting area of patient study and systematic, intelligent, organized action?

Pope John XXIII in his recent Encyclical on Christianity and Social Progress ("*Mater et Magistra*") has upset the complacent among his followers by telling them "we should not create an artificial opposition between the perfection of one's own being and one's personal active presence in the world," and proceeds to apply this teaching by a multitude of practical examples. It is in this spirit, not one of anxiety and pessimism, that this city—and all our cities, large and small—need to face the agonizing human question posed to them by the expanding and mobile world.

As I see it, the question of the streets is only a part of a much larger question, one with deep roots in the past and indefinite possibilities in the future. The question, very simply put, is: what direction will that mighty force that is now starting to shape the future metropolis take?

When sixty years ago Auguste Bartholdi, the Alsatian sculptor, designed the statue that still commands the entry to New York Harbor—and symbolically to the whole United States—the immigrant of those days encountered the bustle, the turmoil, the disorder, but also the magnificent opportunities of a growing city in the traditional sense of the word. That city was huge, even then, but its growth took place within well defined limits. You gain a wonderful vision of that city and its fabulous expansion if some fine day you take the three-hour steamer ride around Manhattan Island. Ellis Island, with its group of noble buildings—now unused and empty—greets you on your right, and the stentorian-voiced guide recites for you the "huddled masses" verses by Miss Emma Lazarus as you pass the Statue of Liberty.

Yet today a vast and stately vision is only the core, a confused and confusing core, not just of a city, but of a new metropolitan world, stretching already indefinitely far into the suburbs and exurbs. Only the Lord knows how far and in what manner it will continue to stretch in the future. As you glide under the nineteen bridges before and during your passage through the city's scenic Cinderella, the Harlem River, you reflect that today only one-third of the city's Negroes actually live in Harlem, and that the relative proportion will steadily dwindle. All that you pass, all that you see, and all that you do not see—of buildings, streets, institutions, people—is caught up and set in motion by a huge power, the stream of metropolitan expansion in its widest and most dynamic sense. No human being can arrest that power. Mr. Lewis Mumford can fascinate us by his wealth of analogies in the past, and utter many a wise wish and prophecy for the future. But the mighty current involves us all. None of us can stop it, none can delay its progress. But we still have the time to ask what direction it will take, and, if we wish, we can still have an influence in determining that direction.

Will the controlling force in that mighty current of planning, buying and selling, mortgaging and lending, destroying and relocating, housing and spacing—will the only controlling force be sheer material profit and selfishness? Is the Manhattan pattern of luxury or semi-luxury apartments and slums to be repeated indefinitely—slums that can be profitably taxed, housing that can be profitably taxed, but tax profit first, and the needs of human beings afterwards?

Or will this vast, rattling and clattering, bulldozed and crane-punctuated current flow with a moral sense, an undertone of conscience beneath all its uprooting and scheming? Will the architects of this new metropolis keep in mind that the statue on Bedloe's Island holds the lamp for *people*, not just for real estate developments?

I am not saying—far from it—that the "right kind" of metropolitan planning will do away with our street disorders. To talk that way is sheer do-goodism. But I am saying, with whatever experience I have, that the ability of our churches, our community organizations, our welfare bodies, and

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of our individual good-hearted citizens to cope with these disorders, is necessarily conditioned by the spirit and direction taken by this whole vast development.

It is the good people in the city who must grapple with the foe, but who must build the right kind of city in which to wage their moral and religious warfare for decency and righteousness and the integrity of our future citizens.

Says Pope John in the same Encyclical: fundamental to the Church's social doctrine and "relevant at any moment to man's needs" is the simple truth "that individual men are of necessity the foundation, the cause, and the reason for the existence of all social institutions, insofar as men are social by nature and have been raised to the level of the supernatural realm."

I wonder what esteem for individual people was in the minds of the folk who planned, over the Grand Central Station on 42nd Street, the new and "largest office building in the world," calculated to bring some extra 10,000 people each day into a region already desperately traffic-congested.

My hope for the city's freedom from the curse of these street disorders lies not so much in splendid constructions as in the humble, busy neighborhoods, in the type of people I see passing daily to and fro on nearby Upper Broadway or even enjoying the sunshine as they sit on the mid-traffic street benches. It is only through the development of their religious and moral sense, and their intimate cooperation with one another and with the powers that be, that this curse can somehow be lifted from our neighborhoods. I look for the solution of this question to the silent, unpretending efforts of public-school teachers and nuns and to cops and decent city officials and reasonable architects and friendly corner store keepers, and innumerable good persons, male and female, who tap typewriters in the ever mushrooming office buildings that madly crowd our limited space. Which will prevail, fidelity, courage, love and hope; or a hidden lunacy?

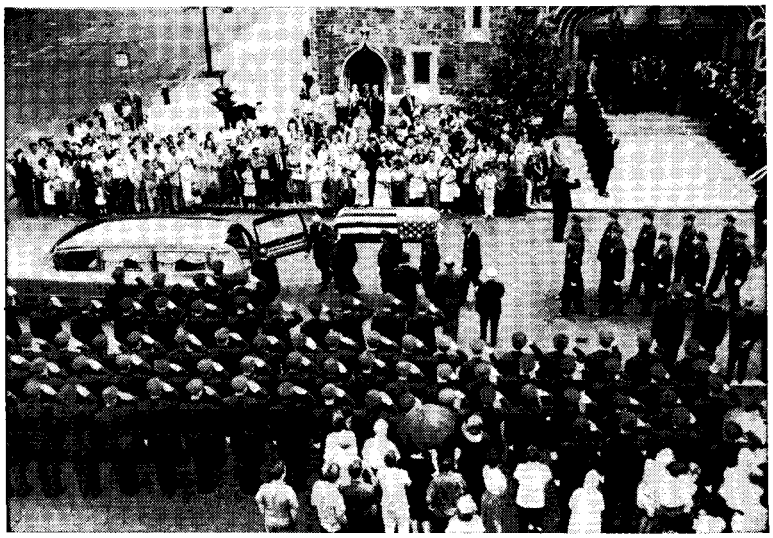
A good time to raise the question anew will be in the near future, hopefully in 1962 when a statue of the sculptor Auguste Bartholdi will be presented to the Statue of Liberty National Monument by a group of people in his own town, Colmar in Alsace. This might be a fit occasion to take one more long hard look at the direction we are being carried by the brawling river of urban expansion and renewal. We can resolve once and for all that in this city, and in all others through the country, we shall begin to lift the lamp of divinely inspired moral purpose

—Foldes (Monkmeyer).

Ring around the rubble—Youngsters play in a New York tenement district.

—Ewing Galloway.

Danger zone—Knives in hand, youths hide as an officer walks his beat.



—N.Y. Daily News.

In line of duty—Neighborhood mourns death of Patrolman Francis X. Walsh.

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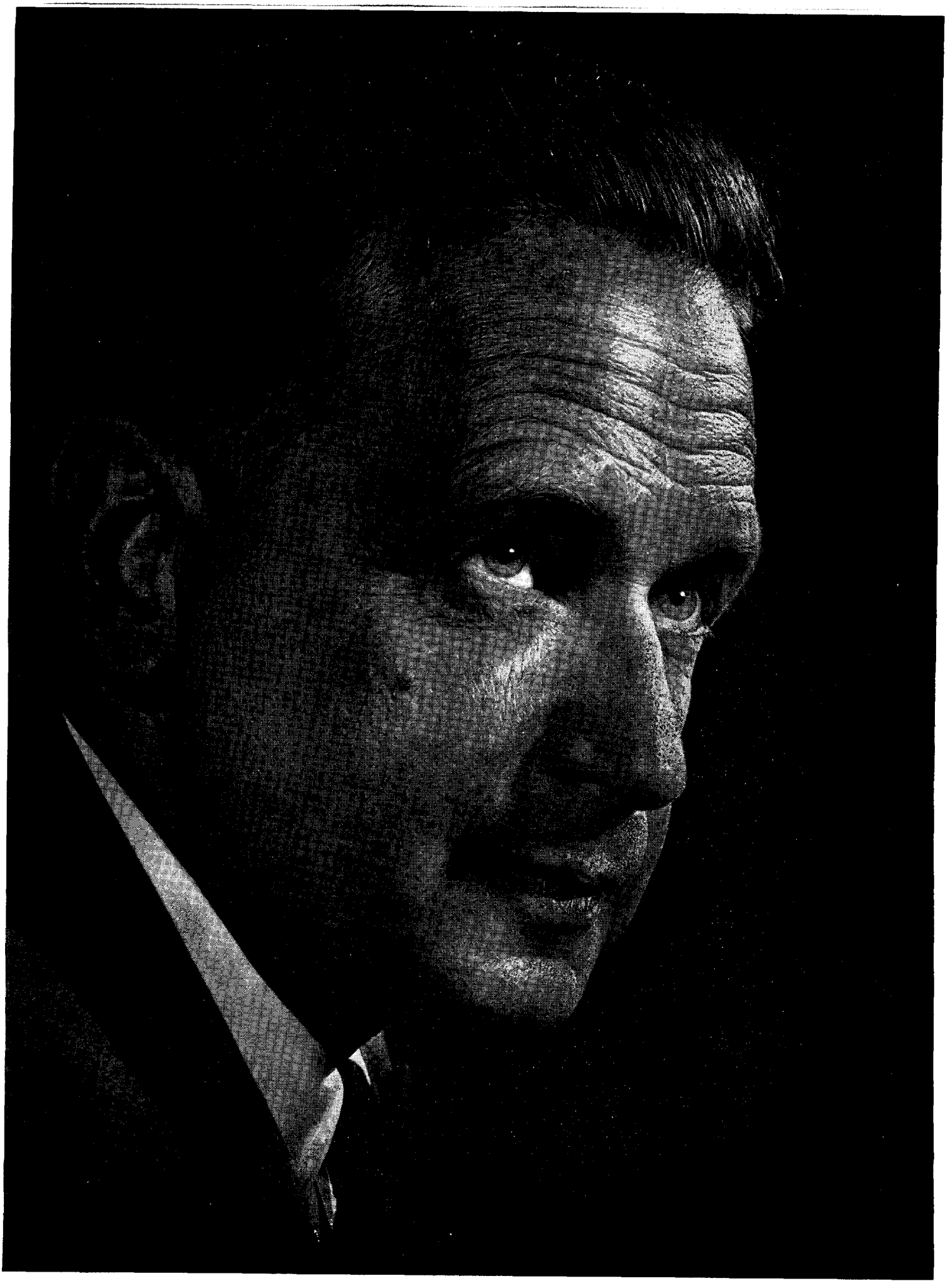

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DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

By ANDREW W. CORDIER, *Executive Assistant to the Secretary-General of the United Nations.*

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD's death marks the close of an era of unparalleled richness—in the charting of new paths in diplomacy, in combining rare gifts of energy, wisdom, and intelligence to bring crises under control and to promote programs for human betterment.

Sometimes his methods had the charm and quality of a symphony, sometimes the decisive abruptness of the hammer on the anvil, but they were always calculated to gain high ends of which he never lost sight.

If he had accomplished less, his epitaph might be that in opening up bold new vistas of international cooperation he belonged to a generation yet unborn. But his accomplishments are myriad—they are like snowflakes on a dotted landscape and the glistening white on the mountain peaks—countless small, almost unnoticed achievements joined with decisively constructive results on great issues which only he could achieve by virtue of his office and of the rare natural gifts with which he was endowed.

He belongs to our generation; he has carved his name in granite upon it; but he belongs equally to those who will come after us, benefiting by the lights he lit that can illuminate their way.

He was both actor and interpreter; both history-maker and historian. With the United Nations Charter as his guide and resolutions as his directives, he mobilized and conducted the action with the scope and initiative that each situation required; his executive actions were an interpretation of the Charter which, together with his speeches and reports, gave that document a living quality of rich potentiality for the welfare of mankind.

His unflinching courage rested upon faith and his faith upon principles and ideals derived from a sturdy and valued heritage and an intellect alive with almost limitless appraisal of values with meaning for himself and humanity.

From that day—April 10, 1953—when he took his oath of office, his dedication to his task and his single-minded devotion to duty have inspired the staff and the wider world.

PHOTO BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Although working often from dawn to midnight or in crises around the clock, he had time for wide cultural interests—in literature, drama, art, and music—which were a source of constant pleasure to his associates in the United Nations family and an inspiration to the masters in these fields.

His deep inner stillness was a mainspring of his strength—a fortress so strong that disappointments, failures, setbacks, and even personal attacks could not weaken his will or compromise his resolution to carry on his great task. His interest in the Meditation Room at the U.N. Building was deeply personal, not merely esthetic. He wrote the words on the entrance: "This is a room devoted to peace and those who are giving their lives for peace. It is a room of quiet where only thoughts should speak." He went there frequently for quiet reflection, knowing that retreats into loneliness were a source of strength for the struggle.

OUR sorrow and grief for the one who led and inspired us extend equally to all of those who died with him. They were selfless in their interest, devoted to their tasks, and dedicated to the noble cause of peace which the United Nations represents. Along with him they will be hallowed in precious memory. In future it will be said of them that they died with their chief in the line of duty.

Let us not be ashamed to shed some tears over our loss, nor shrink from reflection of the void that has been created for us and the world, but let this be a part of our rededication to the task which he so nobly advanced. His concern must now be matched by our increased concern for the future of the United Nations. His greatest concern would be that we should carry on with new resolves and in a spirit of magnificent cooperation. Our greatest tribute to him will be our continuing individual and collective efforts, by following his glorious example, to strengthen the edifice of peace.

His words taken from the pamphlet that he wrote for visitors to the Meditation Room now have prophetic meaning, a charge from him to all of us: "It is for those who come here to fill the void with what they find in their center of stillness."

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Politics on an Animal Farm

By Granville Hicks

IN MANY short stories and several novels Angus Wilson has shown himself to be a keen and subtle student of contemporary manners. His two most recent novels, "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes" and "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot," are as lively and penetrating as anything that has come out of England since the war. Now, in "**The Old Men at the Zoo**" (Viking, $4.50), he has made a new departure, and I must confess that I'm not quite sure what he is up to. However, one has to give the benefit of the doubt to so experienced a writer as Wilson, and, looking back on the book, I have some inkling of his intentions.

In his prefatory note he says: "The events described here as taking place in 1970-73 are utterly improbable. Our future is possibly brighter, probably much more gloomy." What one gathers is that in 1970 Russia and the United States are still stalemated, but England and the countries of Western Europe are standing apart from both powers. Some of the European countries have united, and there is friction between them and England. Indeed, war seems imminent, and is avoided only when Russia and America jointly intervene.

Very little is made of this situation in the early part of the book. The novel begins quietly and pleasantly:

> I opened the large central window of my office room to its full on that fine early May morning. Then I stood for a few moments, breathing in the soft, warm air that was charged with the scent of white lilacs below. The graceful flamingos, shaded from flushed white to a robust tinned salmon, humped and coiled on their long stilts; a Florida pelican picked and nuzzled comically with its orange pouched bill along its drab brownish wing feathers; the herring gulls surprised me, as they did every day, by their size and their viciously hooked beaks. To command one's chosen view of the brute creation was one of the unexpected advantages I had secured by taking on the newly instituted post of Administrative Secretary at the London Zoo three years before.

The "I" is Simon Martin, a man of thirty-five, who is not a scientist, though he has a strong interest in "the brute creation," but has been chosen for his post because of his administrative ability. He is rather detached and a little on the superior side; some people call him a prig. On the whole, however, the reader finds him likable, especially in his relations with his wife, with whom he is very much in love.

ON THE peaceful May morning that Simon describes a young keeper is killed by a giraffe. Since the animal was known to be sick, Simon feels that someone has been negligent, and he begins to investigate. Nothing much comes of this, but we encounter the director of the zoo, Edwin Leacock, several of the curators, and other officials. These are mostly men a generation older than Simon. Each has his special interests, and Wilson skilfully explores the inevitable conflicts. Most prominent is the struggle between Dr. Leacock and Sir Robert Falcon, curator of mammals. The former would like to have a national zoological park established in place of the zoo, whereas the latter longs to revive the grandeur and glamour of the Victorian period. Leacock uses a television show to propagandize for his idea.

At this point the political theme becomes more prominent. Lord Godmanchester, president of the zoological society, is a newspaper magnate who was once in the cabinet and longs to get back. When he offers his large estate as a national preserve, he has political motives, as Simon suspects. That is, he uses the movement of the animals from London to encourage the belief that war is going to result from the policies of the present government. (One wonders why the proprietor of many newspapers should have to depend on so cumbersome a device.)

There is a good deal about the setting up of the preserve, and Wilson handles this kind of detail adroitly. Soon, however, Godmanchester is taken into the government and decides to abolish the preserve and move the animals back as proof of his confidence in his foreign policy. Leacock fights vigorously for the preserve, but he has to give in when his nymphomaniac daughter is killed in peculiarly sensational circumstances.

Abruptly the pace quickens. Godmanchester dies, and war breaks out. Wilson is not altogether specific about the circumstances, but he does suggest the resulting chaos. Peace is restored, but a new party comes to the fore, the Uni-Europeans. Simon has earlier described the class structure: "There are only three classes now—the élite with its boasted open end, the great prosperous mass, and the handicapped or handicap-prone. Age, arrogance, illness, or inefficiency at mental arithmetic alone qualify for descent to this last class." It is members of this class who make up the Uni-European movement, and they are led by sadists. However, by some unexplained miracle, England is delivered from the Uni-Europeans, and a happy ending seems to be in sight for Simon.

Although my summary omits a great deal, it may suggest that Wilson has told a pretty complicated kind of story. The problem, as I have indicated, is why he wanted to tell it. One reason becomes clear towards the end. This is a story about people living with the fear of extermination—in short, people like ourselves. However, by putting these people in the future and creating for them a set of circumstances that are strange and, as he admits, not altogether plausible, he has avoided the perils of mere topicality. He shows most of them, by the way, as engrossed in all their old preoccupations, but there is an underlying terror.

WILSON also shows a development in Simon. At the end he confesses that he has been too detached: "I should hope if I were to become Director that I have now learned to be more engaged with other people and with the animals."

It is significant that he mentions the animals, for a good deal of the book is about the relationship between the human species and "the brute creation." To some characters the animals are merely subjects for scientific research; to others they give esthetic pleasure; others see them chiefly as a human responsibility in a time of crisis. For one character animals are an object of lust, and another, a Uni-European leader, seriously proposes gladiatorial combats. The presence of the animals is always felt, and I am sure that was part of Wilson's plan.

It scarcely needs to be said that Wilson writes well and that his characters are admirably developed. At its most puzzling the book is not dull, and the last third of it is exciting. However, the fact remains that during much of the novel the reader is confused and distracted and that even at the end many questions remain unanswered.

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Go West, Young Man . . . to the Massacre

"Spirit Lake," by MacKinlay Kantor *(World. 951 pp. $6.95), presents a sweeping and detailed view of the life of white settlers and Indians on the American frontier in the 1850s. William Van O'Connor is a general editor of "A Reader's Bookshelf of American Literature."*

By William Van O'Connor

THE FRONTIER, the westward push, the Indians, buffaloes, fur traders, keel boats, river boats, prairie schooners, mud huts, and log cabins—all bring out the epic spirit in American writers. Some mystical and mythical source is tapped.

Aristotle knew quite a lot about mythical and legendary stories (or, in the American situation, the historical anecdote) and plot. Whether in tragedy or in epic, the purpose of the plot was to represent a "complete action," one that set forth a "complication" and "resolved" it. Implicit in all this is the writer's eye for dramatic and cumulatively significant scenes. Aristotle asked the writer to be a good "leave-it-out-er."

American would-be epic writers, from Carl Sandburg to Thomas Wolfe, are great "put-it-in-ers." In fact, Wolfe and Scott Fitzgerald had a little controversy about this matter. MacKinlay Kantor, in "Spirit Lake," belongs with Sandburg and Wolfe. Sprawl is King, long live Sprawl!

Something about the expansiveness of the land between the two great mountain ranges, the river systems, the innumerable lakes, the mystery of the aborigines, the strange emotions the wilderness aroused in the white man, and the trek itself, the great geographical push under the hot sun or through blinding snowstorms, and the sudden end of it all under the raised tomahawk—all seem to ask the writer to use as many documents, as many stories, as many Indian visits to cabins, with pillage and rape, and as many poetic renderings of the landscape as his pen can produce. Kantor has written almost a thousand pages, and as the book ends he seems to be catching his second wind.

"Spirit Lake" is set mostly in the Minnesota Territory, in what is now northern Iowa. Kantor, a good researcher, dutifully lists about forty sources for his material, plus innumerable specialists with whom he consulted. One cannot help wondering how much history has interfered with fiction. There are the Gardner family, Dr. Isaac Harriott, the Markans, Mrs. Atta Rush, widow of Sergeant Rush, Rev. Harvey Luce and family, Bert Snyder, *né* Robert Didier, the Mattock family, the Marble family, Charles Flandrau, the Howe family, and others. From their origins in Indiana, Illinois, Washington, D.C., St. Louis, or France, the fates have carried them to the Spirit Lake Country. Their tribulations and satisfactions are understandable and clearly rendered. Yet as characters, though credible, they are all but indistinguishable.

Inkpaduta, a Wahpekute, and about as miserable a bastard as fiction is likely to have seen recently, is an outlaw Indian, and the protagonist. He is mean-spirited, a gratuitous killer, and a thorough sadist. To arouse his sexual appetites he kicks Corn Sucker, his wife, in the teeth and ribs until she is a bloody pulp. Kantor is well versed in Indian lore, and anyone who carries to this book images from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" of romantic or noble Indian villages should be prepared to give them up. If the white man on the frontier lived in squalor and poverty, the Indian lived not only in animality, but in self-imposed filth and degradation.

Inkpaduta leads some Wahpekute outlaws against a settlement of whites at Red Wing. The killings are described in brutal and shocking detail. The vividness of the scenes is due in part to Kantor's insight into the psychology of the whites, their misunderstanding of what went on in the minds of the Indians and their instinctive assurance that they were in no real danger. Kantor makes as much as he can of the ironic contrast between the domestic peace of the white cabins and the comforts of civilization, and the

(*Continued on page* 38)

THE AUTHOR: These days MacKinlay Kantor harbors a talent for being brutally candid in discussing even the more personal aspects of his life, but if you journey with him to his native hustings around Webster City, Iowa, it is still possible to rout out a dwindling number of citizens who will gaze upon him and allow as how "that boy used to tell the most outrageous lies." Foundation for this charge is that when Kantor was the approximate age of a Cub Scout he diligently peddled the fiction that he was a Civil War veteran. Even the most gullible country bumpkin was not impressed by the Kantor claim—especially since everyone knew (as they do in small towns) that MacKinlay came squalling into this world in 1904.

The outrageous stories merchandised by the youngster were indicative of two facets of Kantor's life. The first was an intense interest in the Civil War, which was culminated in his Pulitzer Prize-winning work, "Andersonville." The second, more complex, was a result of long self-analysis and self-criticism. Today he will tell anyone who cares to listen that the most important event in his thirty-three-year career as a novelist was the realization "that I do not belong to this century." Mack Kantor is strictly a nineteenth-century citizen.

Although the $100,000 Kantor home on Siesta Key, an island within musket range of Sarasota and the Florida mainland, contains all the accouterments of twentieth-century living (except a television set), his mind dwells in a time

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when the nation still had a Western frontier and few people had to worry about conformity. Never at a loss for words—either written or spoken—Kantor is the curmudgeon, the pariah, of various Chambers of Commerce, real estate developers, and growth-minded citizens. When he moved here in 1936 some 300 sturdy souls inhabited Siesta Key. Now its population is estimated at 7,000, and Kantor likes the change less than he does an unfavorable review of one of his books.

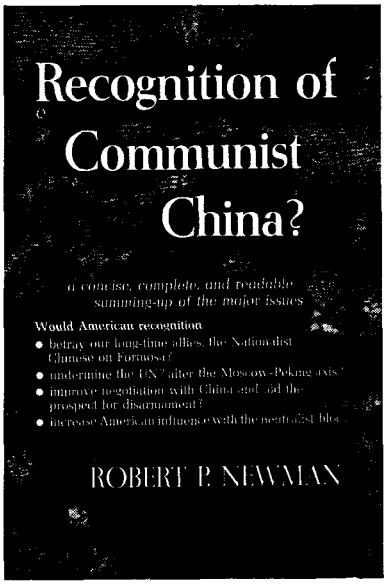
The population influx has led him to observe that "what Siesta Key needs are two hungry bears." He has also celebrated his displeasure in song, which he casts into the night air as he fingers one of his guitars. This work of Kantor's creation has come to be known as "The Tourist Song," and there is no danger whatsoever that the lyrics will be purloined for use as a Florida anthem. Several years ago Tom Morrow, a columnist for the Chicago *Tribune*, became curious about the song, which at latest tally boasts more than 300 verses, and conceived the idea of reproducing several stanzas in his column. By actual count Kantor sang his way through sixty-seven verses before Morrow could capture one he deemed sufficiently sanitary for the eyes of *Tribune* readers. In one chorus Kantor sings:

Here's to the old Sarasota,
The land of the lazy and glad;
When the sharks and the sting rays,
mosquitoes and mice
Were the worst enemies that we had.

Having made his decision that he somehow belongs to the past, Kantor has eschewed contemporary novels, Hollywood, and the short stories that gained him renown. He and Mrs. Kantor (they have a daughter, Layne, and a son, Tim) have spent much time in Spain, but the Mediterranean coast no longer holds the fascination it once did. "Too many tourists," Kantor complains.

Only in his work does Kantor look ahead. When someone asks about the best book he has ever written, he removes his ever-present pipe, his face becomes wreathed in a grin that belies his age, and he replies simply, "My next one." —STAN WINDHORN.

Book in the News



By PHILIP E. MOSELY, *author of "The Kremlin and World Politics"*

BY THE time Robert P. Newman's **"Recognition of Communist China"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4.95, paperback $1.95) reaches the bookstands, many clashing groups within the United Nations and many rival voices within the United States are likely to be deeply entangled in a new round of flypaper disputes over whether to seat or not to seat the Peking régime in the world organization. Many even more urgent problems—how to carry on the executive work of the world organization, how to establish a workable forum for negotiations to bring the arms race under control, or how nations not directly committed on Berlin and German issues can interpose some new barrier between Soviet threats and the freedom of West Berlin—these and many other problems may be confused, mishandled, or postponed because of the all-absorbing annual quarrel over the status of Communist China.

The admission of Communist China to the United Nations, through any one of several courses of action, and the recognition of the Peking régime by the United States are, of course, far from synonymous, as Mr. Newman acknowledges. In practice, Mao's representatives are likely to be seated in the General Assembly long before any substantial move has been taken in Washington toward recognizing the People's Republic of China. Still, there is sound logic in Mr. Newman's decision to concentrate his attention and his fire on the issue, central to American policy, of recognition. The same arguments pro and con which he has reviewed in detail apply with almost equal force to both decisions, which cannot be delayed or evaded much longer.

Mr. Newman has chosen the logician's or lawyer's method. First, he breaks down the various arguments into their constituent elements; then he seeks to identify the basic facts in the situation; and finally he comes to his own firm conclusion, which is in favor of recognizing Communist China and seating it in the United Nations. To illustrate these arguments he has mustered reputable authorities on both sides of each issue, letting them speak in their own words, thus effectively demolishing several of the most popular arguments: the notion that recognition implies approval of a régime, or that the United States is committed to support the Nationalist claim to speak for all of China.

Mr. Newman disarms his critics by his realistic approach. For example, he agrees with them that, even if the United States should give up its by now unilateral embargo on trade in nonstrategic goods with mainland China, any renewed exchanges would be small on both sides. He argues for recognition, not because this will influence Mao's régime to change its nature or its goals, but because, by removing a factitious source of anti-American distrust in many allied and uncommitted countries, it may help modestly to promote stronger cooperation in resistance to Communist expansionism.

Mr. Newman's strongest argument turns on his appeal to the political interests of the United States, and here at least he may have overstated his case. Gaining either American recognition or a seat in the United Nations will enhance Peking's prestige and influence in many Asian countries more than he assumes, and pressures to seek a neutralist equidistance between Peking and Washington will be enhanced more than he believes.

"Recognition of Communist China" states effectively the need for a major policy shift, and, as it demonstrates fully by excerpting the principal studies in the field, there is a strong preponderance of scholarly and expert opinion behind its conclusion. What Mr. Newman has not done is to spell out, even in broad terms, the many adjustments that would have to be made to compensate for the effects of this basic shift in the United States posture. However, perhaps Mr. Newman's skilful restatement of this tangled issue will help guide the inescapable debate into more constructive channels by separating the substantive stakes from the customary appeals to emotion.

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PERSONAL HISTORY: GRAND SIECLE

Disordered Genius

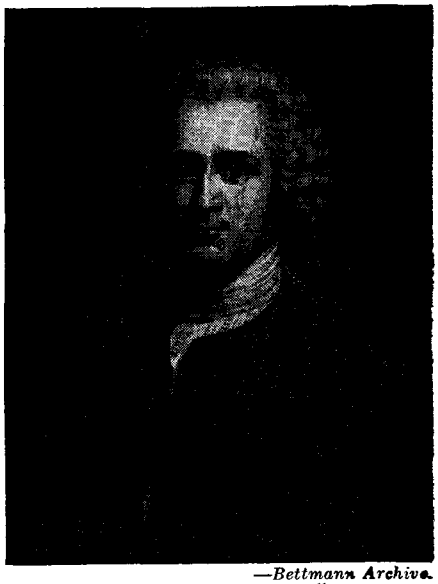
"Jean-Jacques Rousseau," by Frances Winwar *(Random House. 366 pp. $6), recounts the turbulent life of the philosopher and idealist who believed in "the best of all possible worlds." Leo Gershoy's latest book, "Bertrand Barère: A Reluctant Terrorist," is scheduled for December publication by Princeton University Press.*

By Leo Gershoy

IT IS not surprising that sooner or later Frances Winwar should direct her broad experience as biographer and her rich gifts as narrator to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the disordered genius who, more perhaps than any of his renowned contemporaries of the Age of Enlightenment, stood at the gateway of the present. For of his relevance to twentieth-century thought there can be no doubt. A protean figure, a torrent, a volcano, he set himself against the powerful currents of his day. Restlessly probing, in an almost incessant turmoil of both mind and body, he endeavored to lay the bases of a new communal existence where not only he himself but thousands of others suffering from a similar state of frustration, dislocation, and insecurity could find outlets for the creative expression of their dignity and worth. Beginning with the first "Discourse on the Arts and Sciences," which catapulted him into fame, he examined and re-examined the related facets of man's nature and his relations with his fellow men. For that eloquent and passion-laden effort he was bitterly attacked and often derided, and he fought back. He was ignored by none, and almost idolized, at least for a time, in his own day by men like Lessing and Kant and in the following century by Romain Rolland and Tolstoy.

Of all this there are intimations, particularly in the latter part of Miss Winwar's highly personalized, intimate biography, but there is no broad elaboration. She is faithful to Rousseau's own memory of what took place in his early years, as recorded in his "Confessions" long after the event; but she has made rather too much of them, and at too great a length. At times, as the reader follows her—and Rousseau—through the many scabrous episodes, incidents of erotic excitation and exhibitionism, and chance meetings with a gallery of onanists and perverts, all this before he settled down in Paris in 1744 when he was thirty-two years old, one gets the impression that he was operating from a kind of mobile Peyton Place. One wonders whether a detailed recounting of that side of Rousseau that puts him closer to Hollywood than to Paris or Geneva really enlightens the reader concerning a seminal figure who so stirred his age.

What results from Miss Winwar's lengthy narrative of those formative years of vagabondage, as well as from her deft fusion of a discussion of his writings, when she gets to them, with the course of his personal life, is a curtailed and generally skimpy treatment of his epochal work. Of Jean-Jacques the man, his life with Thérèse Le-



—Bettmann Archive

Jean-Jacques Rousseau—". . . a torrent, a volcano . . ."

Vasseur, his days of great renown, his reverses, his growing paranoia, and his last solitary years, the author gives us much, and gives it vividly and sympathetically. Of the Rousseau who was the "Conscience of an Era" one could wish for rather more.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MOZART REDIVIVUS

Mozart has had his admirers and detractors in literature just as he did in real life. David A. Bernstein of Portland, Oregon, submits examples from books and plays in which various characters express their feelings about the man and his music. He asks you to identify the works, the authors, and the characters. Answers on page 38.

1. She auditioned for a night-club job by singing a straight, then a jazzed-up version of Cherubino's love song in "The Marriage of Figaro."
2. This ancient British peer was so ape-like in appearance that onlookers doubted that he was a man until he whistled the serenade from "Don Giovanni."
3. In an after-life sequel to a Mozart opera, a British playwright has one of his characters complain that the music Mozart wrote for him was for a bass whereas he was a counter-tenor.
4. During the course of a famous French opera we learn that the hero is attending a performance of "Don Giovanni" in which his lady love is singing.
5. This professor was constantly singing arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" and thought that the airplane was the only twentieth-century achievement that could compare with Mozart's music.
6. A character in a Mozart opera delivered his opinion of his creator's music by remarking, upon hearing an earlier Mozart aria played by a stage opera, that it was a bit stale.
7. No fan of Mozart was he, for, according to a Russian playwright, he poisoned the composer.
8. This French opera star terminated his training of a beautiful Norwegian soprano by having her sing Zerlina to his Don Giovanni.
9. In an early one-act play by an American, a representative of Death places a commission in Mozart's hands.

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Sisters of Venus

"Love in Five Temperaments," by J. Christopher Herold *(Atheneum. 327 pp. $6), portrays five eighteenth-century Frenchwomen of passionate intellect and intellectual passions. Robert Halsband, research associate in English at Columbia University, depicted one of their English counterparts in "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."*

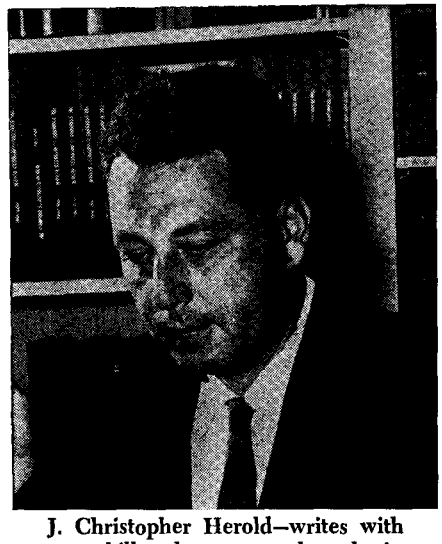
By Robert Halsband

IN CONTRAST to his previous biography—that of Madame de Staël, "Mistress to an Age"—Mr. Herold's new book sketches the lives of five women who flourished (and languished) in eighteenth century France, from the setting of Louis XIV's sun to the rising of Napoleon's star. In range of interest these five women were variously involved with politics, the church, the stage, and literature. What they had in common was a voracious appetite for love, not love as merely a four-letter word but as a universe of thought and feeling.

Madame de Tencin started out in a nunnery, but cast off her vows to make the most of her feminine allure and masculine drive. She exerted her boundless ambition for the sake of her brother, who rose to be a cardinal and the Primate of All Gaul. Meanwhile she took lovers, for pleasure or profit. In her final years she concentrated her energies on her *salon*, where she received the intellectual élite of Paris, and there she ended her life in the odor if not of sanctity at least of respectability.

After this sketch—which suffers from juggling too many complicated political topics—we have the simpler and pathetic account of Mademoiselle Aïssée, a Circassian slave purchased by the French ambassador to Turkey and sent to Paris to be educated. She had no choice but to become his mistress as well as goddaughter. When she met a young, tenderhearted chevalier she embarked on the great love affair of her life, but it foundered to drown her in misery and death.

The next amorous temperament in this gallery, Mademoiselle Delaunay, rose from humble birth and a convent education to the best post her brilliance could earn—servant-companion to the eccentric Duchesse du Maine. Because of her activity in the Duchesse's political intrigues she was imprisoned in the Bastille, where she enjoyed a love affair with a fellow conspirator. She then married an elderly widower to raise her social status, but remained in servitude to the end of her life.



J. Christopher Herold—writes with easy skill and a suave style and wit.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse rejected that kind of dependence after she was brought to Paris by her aunt, Madame du Deffand. Her "imperious coquetry" won her patroness's friends, and she successfully set up her own rival *salon*. Of her lovers, d'Alembert remained faithful and unrewarded; she gave herself instead to a young, handsome Spaniard, who died tragically, and to a braggart Frenchman who did not return her love.

Whatever advantages these four women had—beauty, charm, wit, intellect, ambition—none of them had a real profession. But the fifth, Mademoiselle Clairon, became one of the greatest actresses of her day. Although dedicated to her art, she found time for innumerable affairs; and in middle age she met a handsome German princeling, whom she lived with in his imitation Versailles as an imitation Madame de Maintenon until she was jilted for a young, pretty Englishwoman. Back in Paris, she formed an attachment with Baron de Staël, whose wife was to make his name famous. He was ruined by the French Revolution; she lived out her incredibly full life to the age of eighty.

Beyond personal biography, these sketches depict the *ancien régime* sputtering to its end. One of its most fascinating institutions is prominent in these pages: the *salons*, where, under the sharp eyes of hostesses who could talk or listen brilliantly, the cream of intellectual society gathered. Poets read their verse, philosophers expounded their radical doctrines, and scientists explained their discoveries—but all had to be graceful, witty, subtle; for to be boring was a cardinal sin. This intensely literary and literate atmosphere, where writing pen-portraits was a parlor game, spilled over into all their thinking and feeling.

These women exercised their intellects with passion, and their passions with intellectual clarity. We know so much about their hearts, dead for two hundred years, because their owners recorded the fluctuations in letters and memoirs. "The heart becomes more refined as it becomes more corrupt," wrote Marivaux; and while these women freed themselves from conventional morality, they paid it the tribute of enjoying sin with the most painstaking analysis. Their introspection is so subtle and engrossing that one suspects they found their greatest satisfaction in soul-searching, and that unhappiness was almost balanced by the pleasure of describing it.

Writing about people and ideas of such consummate sophistication requires unusual perspicacity, and Mr. Herold is entirely successful. He also ranges through eighteenth-century France with easy skill, and with a suave style and wit. His study by no means exhausts the gallery of women of temperament. There are others—Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin, for example—whose portraits are worth restoring.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 952

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 952 will be found in the next issue.

QPXWGN QEFLPA: "YPGSB FDG XFO QSBFFE SBCEZ-OWA — WQHWSCPEEN CX GBWN POW ZOCJCAL SPOQ."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 951

Music is the only language in which you cannot say a mean or sarcastic thing. —JOHN ERSKINE.

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Search for the Affirmative

"Radical Innocence: Studies in the Contemporary American Novel," by Ihab Hassan *(Princeton. 368 pp. $6), discovers in modern existentialist fiction a constructive element of affirmation. Gay Wilson Allen is a professor of English at NYU.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

THE FICTIONAL worlds of Hemingway and Faulkner have been extensively explored, but less attention has been given to the fantasy worlds of what may be called the present generation of American novelists: Styron, Swados, Mailer, Buechner, Malamud, Ellison, Gold, Cheever, Donleavy, McCullers, Capote, Salinger, and Bellow. Ihab Hassan's "Radical Innocence" is, in fact, the first extended study to be devoted exclusively to this generation, all born after 1910 and some much later.

Many of these novelists have been berated by critics, journalists, and moralists for creating heroes who wallow in sex, violence, and perversion; but Hassan finds in these heroes contemporary images of the American self in recoil "*from* the world, *against* itself."

The nihilism, despair, and "destructive element" of the twentieth-century psyche is well known to us, as well as the explanations of the psychologists, sociologists, historians, and theologians. But the special value of this study is its revelation of a constructive element in the nay-saying of the existentialist novelist—and most if not all of those discussed are existentialists. No one, Hassan admits, can yet define their typical hero or say what he stands for.

> He is not exactly the liberal's idea of the victim, nor the conservative's idea of the pariah, nor the radical's idea of the rebel. . . . His capacity for pain seems very nearly saintly, and his passion for heresy almost criminal. But flawed in his sainthood and grotesque in his criminality, he finally appears as an expression of man's quenchless desire to affirm, despite the voids and vicissitudes of our age, the human sense of *life!*

This passion for and awareness of life Hassan calls "radical innocence." "Radical, first, because it is inherent in [the hero's] character, and goes to the root or foundation of it. But radical, too, because it is extreme, impulsive, anarchic, troubled with vision." And the innocence is not simply immaturity, as so many critics have insisted, but "the innocence of a Self that refused to accept the immitigable rule of reality, including death, an aboriginal Self the radical imperatives of whose freedom cannot be stifled."

It is this kind of innocence that distinguishes the American hero (perhaps the American psyche) from the European existentialist hero. His will to live is stronger, defying time and history. "Denying death, the American hero shuts out a large part of life that men consider part of reality. But denying death, he also opens for us those gates of the Self which few men presume to unlock."

No brief summary can adequately convey the weight, wisdom, and originality of Hassan's study, but two or three of his pronouncements may indicate the practical value of the "radical innocence" he finds in these richly inventive novelists.

"Carson McCullers writes of love as the terrible form loneliness takes. For her, loneliness is not a social condition but a function of spiritual existence." Truman Capote is primarily concerned with the imagination, which seeks "to rediscover the Self, and discover how Self and world may be brought to a precarious balance." In Salinger, "The spiritual lover, by becoming one with creation, becomes as indestructible. This is indeed a return to aboriginal innocence." In the novels of Saul Bellow, the "old search for innocence is knotty and raddled," but also the "act of mediation between radical innocence and human mortality goes farthest."

These mid-century novelists, who often seem so perverse, ironical, fantastic, and quixotic, have nevertheless "shown men, as no priest or philosopher could, how they may actually live in the lion's mouth." This conclusion is more didactic than literary or esthetic, but it reveals an important dimension of contemporary fiction which no other critic has pointed out so clearly. And if this conclusion is accepted, even with reservations, then American fiction has not reached a dead end.

Symbols of Sacrifice

"The Novelist and the Passion Story," by F. W. Dillistone *(Sheed & Ward. 128 pp. $3), examines the esthetic and philosophical significance for our time of the modern writer's use of the Christian theme as myth and symbol. Norman Holmes Pearson is head of the department of American Studies at Yale University.*

By Norman Holmes Pearson

"WE HAVE no central and controlling myth around which the lives of individuals and societies can be re-fashioned," says F. W. Dillistone at the close of his examination of four novels that have helped to illuminate the mystery of modern human estrangement by taking a central traditional theme of Western civilization and putting it into the "context of a world which we can recognize as our own world." François Mauriac's "The Lamb," Herman Melville's "Billy Budd," Nikos Kazantzakis's "The Greek Passion," and William Faulkner's "A Fable" are his focal points in an illuminating study rich in its implications for our understanding of modern literature and the war-torn, agonized world we live in. Their variety becomes our strength. They are ambiguous, "but how can there be faith unless there is ambiguity?"

The author, Anglican Dean of Liverpool, writes with feeling for the immense potentialities of the novel: it "is meant to set us back from life so that we may see it in better perspective and with a fuller range of understanding." He writes also as a theologian who recognizes the paradox and conflict inherent in Christianity. "No resolution in esthetic terms can be final," he states, "just as no resolution in ethical terms can be. We continue to frame our theories of atonement and our doctrines of reconciliation. None is final in its expression. Each can only try to throw a shaft of light upon the problem which has we believe been brought to a central and determinative solution in the unique *activity* of a unique Per-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

IT ISN'T OFTEN that we take tea with a best-selling novelist who is willing to sit back and talk about our favorite subject—paperback books. Richard Llewellyn, whose many novels include "How Green Was My Valley," "Chez Pavan," and the new "A Man in a Mirror," is equally enthusiastic about both tea and paperbacks. "Five or six cups a day really set me up," he said, pouring himself another cup of Lapsang soochong. The most recent Llewellyn novel to appear in paperback is **"Up, Into the Singing Mountains"** (Pocket Books, 50¢), the second in a trilogy which began more than twenty years ago with "How Green Was My Valley."

"Paperbacks are good for everyone," he said between sips. "The author certainly enjoys reaching a wider public, the public is pleased because they can gets books they couldn't otherwise afford, and even the hardcover publishers shouldn't mind. Once people start to read they'll just go right on and buy hardcover books as well."

WHAT'S NEW: It looks as if October is Sinclair Lewis month—or maybe Mark Schorer month. Schorer's "Sinclair Lewis: An American Life" is the current Book of the Month Club selection, his essay on Lewis appears in the new "Lewis at Zenith," and now New American Library is bringing out **"Main Street"** (75¢), **"Babbitt"** (75¢, and **"Arrowsmith"** (75¢) with lengthy introductions written by, of course, Mr. Schorer . . . One of Gold Medal's new novels is **"Grave of Heroes"** (50¢), in which the situation parallels closely that in the Dominican Republic shortly before Trujillo's assassination. In fact the assassination is predicted in the book. The author, James Cross, is a United States Information Agency official whose real name is Hugh Parry, and he got clearance for his book from his superiors only two days before Trujillo's death . . . If anyone finds any lost worlds, let Crown publishers know. They are releasing this month the first of their Xanadu Library, a paperback series on "worlds that never were, worlds that might have been, and worlds that still may be." **"The Lost Continent of Mu"** ($1.95) and **"Jurgen"** ($1.45) are a couple of the new offerings, but at the rate the publishers hope to present Xanadu books, they're afraid they'll be at a loss for worlds. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

Giuseppe di Lampedusa's **"The Leopard"** (Signet, 75¢) has been an international best-seller, yet its author, a Sicilian nobleman, died in 1957 without knowing that his book had been accepted for publication. It's a strange story, more a memoir than a novel, in which the aristocratic Don Fabrizio, living in the era of Garibaldi and rising republicanism, reflects upon the passing of his regal way of life.

While Lampedusa wrote of external destruction, Alberto Moravia writes of inner decay in modern Italy. **"Three Novels"** (Signet, 75¢), complete and unabridged, are "The Conformist," "A Ghost at Noon," and "The Fancy Dress Ball."

It doesn't seem as if twenty-three years could have passed since Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's novel **"The Yearling"** (Scribners, $1.45) was first published. It's a gentle story of a young boy named Jody and his love for a deer named Flag. Many people will recall Claude Jarman as the sensitive Southern boy in the movie version.

The stories in William Carlos William's **"The Farmers' Daughters"** (New Directions, $1.95) are as personal and intuitive as his poetry. These fifty-two stories have been selected from other collections, and sample the prose of Dr. Williams over the past thirty years.

Talented Vance Bourjaily in his most recent novel, **"Confessions of a Spent Youth"** (Bantam, 75¢), displays that enormous talent—and not much else. His long, rambling odyssey of a young man's coming of age suffers from surfeit of just about everything, except direction.

WRITERS AND WRITING

William Faulkner has at last come into his own in the world of literary criticism. He's now getting the full treatment—biographies, critical studies, scholarly analyses—not only in hardcover but in paperbacks as well. Michael Millgate's **"William Faulkner"** (95¢) is one of the new Evergreen Pilot series designed to present "readable introductions" to the works of distinguished modern writers. It's a fine little book. After a brief biographical section, the author proceeds to discuss each major Faulkner work and even manages to unravel the complex genealogies of his Southern families.

Though Mr. Millgate doesn't think much of "The Town" and "The Mansion," the last two books in Faulkner's recent trilogy, Warren Beck does. In **"Man in Motion"** (University of Wisconsin, $1.75), Mr. Beck analyzes the "intricate multiform design" of the trilogy which began some years ago with "The Hamlet."

Faulkner is one of many Southern writers treated in **"South: Modern Southern Literature"** (Dolphin original, $1.45), edited by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs. Essays on Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, and Erskine Caldwell, among others, attempt to find out what is peculiarly "Southern" about them, and how, as the South itself changes, its literature progresses.

R. W. B. Lewis's **"The Picaresque Saint"** (Keystone, $1.95) follows the

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course of a new hero in contemporary fiction—the rogue saint. Mr. Lewis gives out a good deal of lively information about literature in general in these pieces on Camus, Greene, Malraux, Silone, Faulkner, and Moravia.

Shedding some fresh light on the classic English novels is the task Dorothy Van Ghent has undertaken in "**The English Novel**" (Torchbooks, $1.75). She does an intelligent job, too, in examining such "greats" as "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Sons and Lovers."

Mark Schorer's anthology "**Modern British Fiction**" (Galaxy, $2.25) makes a good complement to Miss Van Ghent's book. His collection includes pieces by such distinguished critics as F. R. Leavis, R. P. Blackmur, David Daiches, and Edmund Wilson on writers from Hardy to Joyce.

"The man was the artist," writes Elizabeth Stevenson in "**The Crooked Corridor**" (Macmillan, $1.35) of Henry James. "He had no other function than as an observant, reflective, productive imagination. This quiet fact alienated him from his own time." Miss Stevenson then proceeds to analyze this particular quality of isolation and how it contributed to James's greatness.

MUSIC

The curtain is going up on another opera season—and that means opera books as well. Three paperbacks have just been published which outline, act by act, the stories of more operas than most people get to hear in a lifetime. Milton Cross's "**Stories of the Great Operas**" (Washington Square Press, 60¢), Stephen Williams's "**Come to the Opera**" (Premier, 75¢), and J. Walker McSpadden's "**Grand Opera in Digest Form**" (Apollo, $1.95) are all concise invitations to good listening. The most comprehensive—and also the most costly—is the McSpadden volume, which includes many out-of-the-way operas as well as such modern offerings as Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," Marc Blitzstein's "Regina," and Kurt Weill's "Lost in the Stars."

Ralph Hill's "**The Symphony**" (Pelican, $1.25) is a symposium in which leading British music critics comment upon significant symphonic composers from Haydn to Vaughan Williams. Each essay discusses a composer in general terms, then turns to specific symphonies. Well-illustrated with musical examples.

David Ewen's "**Leonard Bernstein**" (Bantam, 50¢) is a rather prosaic biography tracing the *Wunderkind*'s rise from a struggling, impoverished musician to his present pinnacle on top of the musical world.

IRON CURTAIN

The history of Russia is a long and fascinating one, and two admirable surveys have recently appeared in paperback. John Lawrence's "**A History of Russia**" (Evergreen Enclopedia, $3.95) is, most important, readable. Centuries of history—wild hordes on the steppes, the czarist rule, reform movements, the death of Stalin—pass in review with no clutter of dates-to-be-forgotten. Perfect for readers with curiosity but no hefty historical foreknowledge of Russia before the Communists.

George Vernadsky's "**A History of Russia**" (Yale, $1.95) covers substantially the same territory as the Lawrence book, but Mr. Vernadsky, professor emeritus of Russian history at Yale, has written a more scholarly study. The final third of the book is devoted to an appraisal of the Soviet Union as a modern world power.

The USSR rose from the ashes of World War II a greater power than ever. How this came about is the subject of Harry Schwartz's "**The Red Phoenix**" (Praeger, $1.95), a collection of pieces that Schwartz wrote for the New York *Times* during the past two decades.

Edward Crankshaw, who writes for the London *Observer*, is the author of a neat little book, "**Khrushchev's Russia**" (Penguin, 85¢), which discusses life within the USSR since the advent of Mr. K.

In 1958-1959 Indian economist Sripati Chandra-Sekhar visited the "People's China." His book, "**Red China**" (Praeger, $1.75), is filled with his observations on economic progress, women's rights, cultural growth, the communes ("leisure, privacy, and solitude have become dreadful vices") and the sad but familiar news that "China is fast becoming an image of Russia."

"TODAY, we look upon the Impressionists not only as revolutionaries who defied the academic traditions of their age . . . but also as the prophets and precursors of modern painting," writes François Mathey in an excellent new paperback, "**The Impressionists**" (Praeger, $2.95). M. Mathey, a French art critic, does not attempt to shed new truths on Impressionism; instead he reviews the major figures, creating an impressive and comprehensive survey. 172 illustrations and 88 in full color.

Pissarro: Portrait of Cezanne

Mary Cassat: "Mother and Child"

Renoir: Study for the portrait of Julie Manet

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Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense

IN HOME after home throughout the country, the question of fallout shelters has become a profoundly important and perplexing issue. The danger of thermonuclear war has become real enough—indeed, it has been given a razor's edge by the Berlin crisis—so that people are compelled to think seriously about protecting themselves and their families in the event of atomic attack. However grisly shelters may be as a subject for home conversation, parents are earnestly discussing and exploring the matter in terms of their responsibility to their children.

The purpose of this editorial is not to argue against fallout shelters per se. No one can quarrel against a decision by a citizen to prepare today against possible dangers tomorrow. But at least he is entitled to full and factual information before making up his mind. Indeed, he has the right to be protected against dishonest assurances of complete protection when no such assurances are possible or morally justifiable. And we can certainly quarrel with the idea that the family fallout shelter is a fit subject for exploitation by fast-buck operators.

The key fact, the dominant fact, in modern warfare is that the civilian will be the prime target. Every bit of scientific ingenuity will be mobilized and directed against him—wherever he may turn. All the inventiveness that has found a way to kill a city with a single explosive and that has devised a vehicle to carry a cargo of death from one continent to another in fifteen minutes—this inventiveness will not retire because people are going to burrow into the earth. Modern war intends to hunt down the civilian wherever he is, suffocating him or paralyzing him or driving him out into the open. No ventilating system has as yet been made available that can guard against gases that produce heart sickness, or disease germs that spread cholera, anthrax, plague, diphtheria, tularemia, brucellosis, typhoid fever, influenza, dengue fever, smallpox, pneumonia, amoebic dysentery, malaria, Rocky Mountain fever, Q fever, undulant fever, typhus—all of which are now in the arsenals of the major powers and primed for instant use.

Consider first of all the problem of ventilation. When a hydrogen bomb goes off, it produces firestorms over a vast area. A ten-megaton thermonuclear explosion will set loose firestorms over an area of 5,000 square miles. Oxygen is consumed by firestorms. Shelters may be equipped to cool off the air but they can't bring in air if none exists. Unless manufactured oxygen is made available, shelters in the areas affected by firestorms will become suffocation chambers. The need for manufactured oxygen has of course been considered but the difficulties of providing it on a mass scale are regarded as insuperable. Moreover, its volatility under such circumstances makes it a serious risk in its own terms.

The next major factor to be considered has to do with location. The problem of shelters is different in a city from what it is likely to be in the outlying areas. The principal problem in the city will be getting into a shelter in the first place and getting out of it in the second place. It is by no means certain that an attack will be preceded by warning. In fact, the factor of surprise is a molecular part of the make-up of missile-cum-nuclear war. And, even if warning should precede rather than follow an attack, it would be in the order of minutes. Evacuating a city is beyond possibility. Even getting people into cellars is a questionable enterprise. The idea that people in office buildings could take cover by clustering together in the hallways or stairwells or cellars has no validity in a situation involving multiple use of megaton nuclear bombs. The purpose of a thermonuclear bomb is to pulverize a city and all the people in it; as many such bombs as are required to execute that purpose will be used.

For those city dwellers who are able, despite the limited warning time, to take refuge in deep city shelters, the principal problem will be getting out of them—because of the tons of spilled brick and rubble overhead. Testimony before Congressional committees has made it abundantly clear that thermonuclear attack on cities would leave few survivors. In fact, military calculations of 80,000,000 American casualities in event of nuclear attack are based largely on the virtual annihilation of metropolitan populations.

THE danger in the suburban areas will be represented not so much by blast as by firestorms and radiation. It is undoubtedly true that some lives can be saved in suburban shelters, assuming ventilation and disease germs will not be critical factors. But it is most certainly untrue that the reduced radiation after only a few days will necessarily subside to safety levels. Most of the radioactive materials released by a thermonuclear explosion are short-lived, but a few, like radioactive strontium and radioactive cesium, retain their killing power over many months. Even more important is the fact that present nuclear stockpiles have high versatility. Some bombs are packed with long-lived radioactive bullets that are designed to stay close to the surface of the earth for a long time.

Most of the specific inadequacies of shelters in cities and suburbs do not apply to country shelters. The main danger in country areas is the generalized one; that is, everything depends on the number of and nature of the bombs used in general attack. If upwards of 25,000 megatons of nuclear explosives are used in a major war—and the United States alone possesses far more than this amount, according to Congressional testimony—the long-term risk to all life in the northern latitudes will be a critical one. Secretary

(*Continued on page* 66)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WRITE-IN VOTE

ALLOW ME TO ADD my affirmative vote to every one of the six questions asked by Congressman William B. Widnall [*SR*, Sept. 30]. I would urge support of a similar poll on a national basis.

Better yet, I am sure a world poll would show that the peoples of every nation are in favor of yielding some national sovereignty to enable a strengthened, secure United Nations to move forward.

C. RICHARD VAN WIE,
Director, Religious Program,
New York University.
New York, N.Y.

WELCOME MAT

THANK YOU FOR the frequent feature, "Books for Young People."

As a book buyer who must use the mails and seldom sees a book before it is purchased, may I welcome your reviewer, Alice Dalgliesh, who has clearly set forth her outlook on books. I sense a vitality in her reading and writing about books.

I have been awaiting a Granville Hicks for young people's books.

DOROTHY B. HANSEN.
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

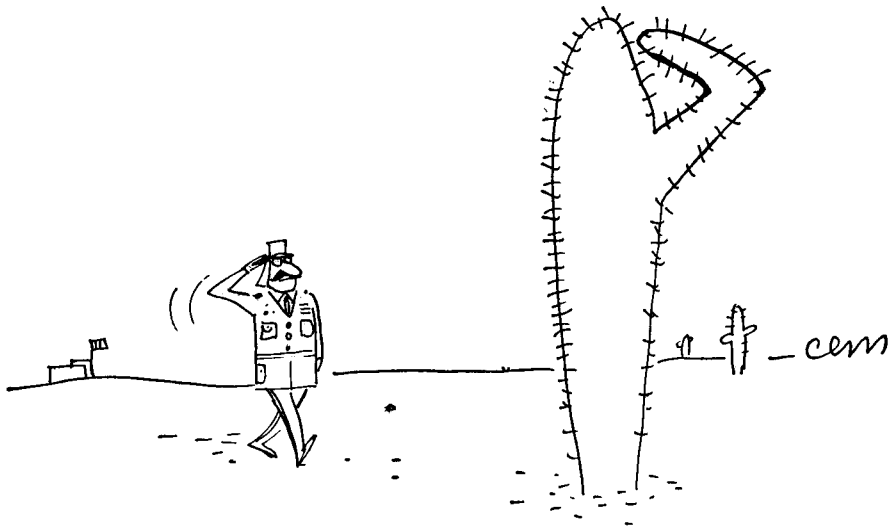
EXCHANGE PROGRAM

DURING THE PAST summer I traveled through England lecturing in many different schools on American literature, the American theatre, and other subjects. None of the English schools I visited had an appreciable number of volumes by American writers. One school, with a tradition of over 500 years, had only two American works on its library shelves: "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Huckleberry Finn." A few of the English students had read *a* Hemingway, *a* Faulkner, *a* Steinbeck. Others thought Hawthorne and Melville were Englishmen. This was the rule rather than the exception.

Hoping to overcome this lapse and the American students' lapse in knowledge of contemporary British writing, I evolved the idea of the British-American Book Exchange. Under this scheme an English class in an American high school, with the guidance of its teacher, would select twenty-five volumes of American literature representative of American life and American people. (These might be inexpensive paperbacks or even second-hand copies, if necessary.) The American class would send these selections to a class in a British school that had been previously matched with it by a screening group of British-American Associates, a nonprofit organization interested in promoting good relations between the two countries. The class in Britain would in turn send the American class a selection of twenty-five recent works representing Britain.

Each class would then read the exchanged books and report by some sort of discussion, which might be taped where possible. If not, follow-up could take place by correspondence. Nearly 100 classes in England have already shown an interest and have asked to participate in the program. If among your readers there are teachers of American classes in English who might be interested in participating, I would appreciate hearing from them with details about their schools and classes.

RONALD E. HALLETT, Representative,
British American Book Exchange,
British-American Associates.
New Canaan, Conn.



NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT

I READ WITH SOME horror the wholesale acceptance of the etymologies contained in "Adventures Among Words," by Eric Partridge [TRADE WINDS, Sept. 23], wherein "sparrow-grass" is given as the etymology of "asparagus." This is a blunder that has not been made by any responsible linguist for almost fifty years. It falls into the category of "folk" or popular etymology and is demonstrably incorrect.

The English word "asparagus" is derived from the Greek word "*asparagos*" (through the Latin "*asparagus*") and is a presumed cognate of Avestan "*cparegha*" (a prong) and Lithuanian "*spurgas*" (a shoot). It is difficult to see how this particular vegetable could have an association with sparrows. . . .

STEPHEN P. SCHWARTZ.
Cambridge, Mass.

DISTRESS SIGNALS

YOUR REVIEWER of Webster's "Third New International Dictionary" [*SR*, Sept. 30] is distressed because ". . . under the new dispensation the editors do not pretend to rule on what is correct; they merely record the words and pronunciations now prevailing 'among the educated and cultured people to whom the language is vernacular.'"

After a half-century of linguistic scholarship from Jesperson to Bloomfield to Fries it is strange to find an authoritarian and prescriptive approach to "correctness" still espoused in literate circles. Even old Sam Johnson, not noted for permissiveness, declared in the preface to his dictionary (1775), "[I] do not form, but register the language; [I] do not teach men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their thoughts." Far from being new, the dispensation is an old and honorable one.

A. L. PANNITCH.
Glencoe, Ill.

THANK YOU for David M. Glixon's excellent review of Webster's new dictionary. It is the kind of penetrating criticism that makes *SR* a must in my household.

A. L. SANDERS.
Denver, Colo.

I FOUND myself well orientated dictionary-wise when I finalized my reading of Mr. Glixon's review.

ERIC SURTEES.
Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR FOREIGNERS who wish to use Webster's "Third New International Dictionary" as their source book for English idiom and diction, I should like to suggest an easy new way to consult this helpful work.

For example, to find the meaning of "okay," look up "OK." There you will find a definition and the illustrative sentence "He gonna make an OK battery commander." Now you know what "okay" is. But, you ask, what is "gonna"? No, you've got it wrong, the gonna is not the man who shoots the gun in the OK battery. No need to jump to conclusions. If Webster's uses a word, it will surely be defined. So we go now to the g's and look up "gonna."

Not there? Well really, the dictionary can only help those who help themselves.

MARIE LONGYEAR,
Editing Department,
McGraw-Hill Book Company.
New York, N.Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Puccini's "Trittico," Goldberg's Conducting

CREDIT the New York City Opera with a good idea in starting its fall season in the City Center with Puccini's "Il Trittico," if only to challenge the reasoning by which no one else has considered it a good idea here since the first Metropolitan Opera production of 1918. Lest it be supposed that the "Trittico" is a Puccini opera which the average music lover has never heard, it may be identified as a trio of one-acters—one of which ("Gianni Schicchi") he doubtless has heard, and two of which ("Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica") he probably has not.

Of course, what is a "good idea" may vary with circumstances. The Metropolitan's then director, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, deemed the "Trittico" troublesome because it demanded the services of too many performers per evening, beginning with three prima donnas (Mmes. Muzio, Farrar, and Easton). The City Opera, being happily free of prima donnas of either sex, can make a judgment purely on the pleasure values the works provide for an audience. The determination would have to be, in 1961 as in 1918, that these are variable.

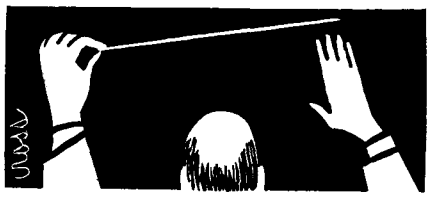
This does not mean, however, that "Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica" should be rejected in favor of the long popular "Gianni Schicchi." The odd fact is: *each* has its attractions, though together they do not strike me as achieving Puccini's purpose of a balanced evening's entertainment. For one thing, the three "short" works together are lengthier than some of his "long" works alone ("Bohème" in particular). By some peculiar quirk, Puccini wrote "shorter" in his "long" works (in the sense of getting from curtain rise to curtain fall in the most economical way) than he did in the one-acters. In his best works, the emphasis is on compression; in these three one-acters it tends, rather, to be on expansion.

Then, too, there is too much of one kind of Puccini music in the "Trittico" and not enough of another. Put more bluntly, "Il Tabarro" (which is concerned with a *crime passionel* on a Seine quay) and "Suor Angelica" (dealing with life in a convent) are full of the adroit, the atmospheric, the easily assimilated Puccini; but, only in limited measure, with the flooding kind of melodic writing that carries the listener, whether he wills it or not, through the greater works from "Manon Lescaut" to "Turandot." As a totality, "Gianni Schicchi" supports its length best of all, a tribute not only to the excellent script of G. Forzano but also to Puccini's skilful assimilation of Verdi's "Falstaff" idiom for his Florentine purposes.

Taken together, the works were well served by the production forces assembled by director Julius Rudel, which began with himself as conductor and deployed an apt blend of experience and youth in the singers directed by Christopher West within the scenic frame provided by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. From my angle at stage right, the barge around which the action of "Il Tabarro" takes place had an aspect that was more pathetic than sinister, but the use of transparent plastics made a light, airy spectacle of the space in which "Suor Angelica" was projected, and "Gianni Schicchi" had individuality at least.

FOR the first two of the one-acters, West activated an absorbing pattern of movement and tableaux aided by William Chapman's swaggering Michele, which made the long cloak ("Il Tabarro") he wears a part of the character rather than merely a prop. Aside from an eccentric idea of how to make "Gianni Schicchi" "amusing" (something Forzano and Puccini took very good care of themselves), West showed a keen appreciation of the ways in which staging for singing differs from the requirements of the spoken drama.

He was fortunate, too, in matching such experienced performers as Chapman, John Alexander (Luigi), and Claramae Turner (Frugola) in "Il Tabarro" with so talented a newcomer as Arlene Saunders in a role (Giorgetta) for which she is admirably suited both by talent and appearance. In "Suor Angelica" Gladys Kriese made a promising debut as La Badessa in a particularly good female ensemble dominated by the well-seasoned Principessa of Miss Turner and a strong Angelica by Maria Di Gerlando. Given the exaggerations of staging and direction in "Gianni Schicchi," Norman Treigle's conception of the artful schemer left some doubts whether this was his conception or West's. The Lauretta was Doris Yarick, with Frank Porretta as Rinuccio.



With the musical world mired in labor-management difficulties, it was hardly surprising to find a famous Goldberg a principal participant in a recent Carnegie Hall occurrence. In the interests of Bach, Bartók, Haydn, etc., it was the notable violinist-turned-conductor Szymon rather than any other who presided over the session introducing twenty-four excellent musicians from the Lowlands who call themselves "The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra."

As befits the sequence of his career, Goldberg is a violinist-conductor in these programs before he becomes a violinist-turned-conductor. The quality of his art and the discipline of his musicianship made for real listening satisfaction in the A minor Concerto of Bach and the C major attributed to Haydn, which shared the first half of the program. Not since Bronislaw Huberman made a similar speciality of performing Bach to a self-led accompaniment (his favor tended to the E major Concerto) has Carnegie Hall resounded to such fervently forthright, musically measured, and thoroughly integrated effort in this literature.

Needless to say, Goldberg's kind of string playing provided a paragon through the evening, even when he exchanged the bow for the baton to direct Bartók's "Divertimento" for strings, an Adagio and Allegro by the Netherlands composer Henk Badings, and the ever-welcome "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239) of Mozart (in the latter, the bow became the baton again). This is to say that pitch is precise, vibrato is carefully measured, changes of position are expedited without intermediate sliding, all in the interests of musical purpose. For future programs, it might be worth Goldberg's while to consider the ways in which the performances he directs provide greater contrast and variety to those in which he plays. His Bartók tended to be a little softly sensuous for the kind of rough core it contains: and there was some suggestion in the Badings of a coarser grain in the writing than the fine texture of the playing permitted to be heard. Also, to favor the audience with more aural diversity than this program afforded, Goldberg might give thought to such a change of emphasis as would be provided by Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge," Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" (the ensemble has the players), or, say, Grieg's "Holberg" suite, the Strauss "Metamorphosen," or Holst's "St. Paul" music. I'd gladly go again to hear any, or all.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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TV AND RADIO

Another Hero?

OFFICIALS of the Federal Communications Commission recently held a series of public hearings in New York, as part of their continuing study of network broadcasting. The accent was on the role of national advertisers in the selection and control of the big evening television shows. The hero of the hearings—for those with a bias toward the minority audience—was revealed early in the proceedings at the Federal Courthouse in Foley Square. He was Peter G. Peterson, president of Bell & Howell, which manufactures motion picture cameras and projectors. The youthful executive, whose company is sponsoring ABC-TV's "Close-Up," a series of intelligent, open-minded documentaries, took a nonconformist position in opposition to what he termed "the well-articulated and widely accepted folklore" of national television sponsorship. With minor variations, most of the other national advertisers who testified seemed to accept the main themes in this folklore.

Briefly, they run this way: Offend no one. Avoid profanity, excessive sex, violence, and any dubious treatment of the sponsor's products. Remember that you are a guest in the family living room. Observe the law of the cheerful frame of reference, the "climate" in which the advertising message is received. Research suggests that audiences "play back" commercials more accurately when they are set in happy rather than "distressful" programs.

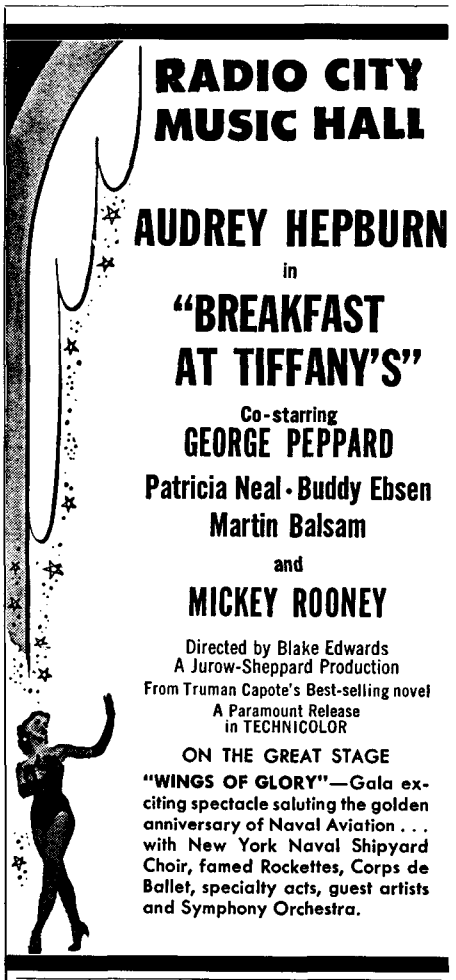
This line of reasoning comes as no surprise. The service the hearings have rendered is that for the first time the top financial supporters of network television candidly spelled out their hitherto obscure policies in a clear pattern for the public record. It is no longer profitable to play tag in the game of who is "it" in responsibility for what goes out over the air. The sponsors call the tune; the networks are their willing partners. This is true not only in the run-of-the-mill TV show but also in those rare instances when prime-time, sponsored television addresses itself to the mind. Bell & Howell's partner in the very creditable presentation of "Walk in My Shoes," a recent documentary exploring the views of American Negroes, was ABC, the same network that launched yet another of its imitations of ugliness this season, a new crime show called "Target, the Corrupters."

Mr. Peterson, for his company, reiterated Bell & Howell's confidence that "most Americans are fair-minded people who realize they must know more if our society is to survive." He will continue to sponsor controversy in public affairs programs, even if stations cancel and dealers depart. This is not only a case of character and conviction; it is also good business. The executive asserted that his research shows that his advertising message is better played back in programs that may be "distressful" than in the Westerns and mysteries that Bell & Howell sponsored formerly. Research, it seems, can prove whatever you wish in television. That there are two sides to the TV street is now plain—the big public of the gaping, uncritical multitude, and the lesser public of the better educated and mentally alive. The less crowded side of the street gets its play from a specialized seller like Bell & Howell and a few corporate giants who occasionally court the favor of opinion-makers with calculated risks in limited appeal shows (such as "Hamlet").

THE appearance of a hero in the public affairs field, however, throws into bolder relief the absence of a sponsor who, with fervor equal to Bell & Howell's, will take up the same challenge in the entertainment field. The nearest approach to maturity in the esthetics of escape this season appears to be (again on ABC and back to back with some "Close-ups") "Alcoa Premiere." A high-budgeted anthology series of film dramas, it has been granted flexibility by the Aluminum Company of America to do its twenty-eight stories in both half-hour and hour-long lengths, with fourteen of each now planned. A longer shooting schedule in Hollywood, unheard-of time for rehearsals, and a welcome accent on the creative rather than the administrative end of television production, promise a high-water mark thus far in the one-camera technique of telling a story. But that story nevertheless has a happy ending; it is reassurance with a sturdier gloss. This is better than usual but less than heroic. Even CBS's "The Defenders," another high-priced courtroom drama effort this season, has (in its first few programs) come up to the third-act line with respectable subject-matter and collapsed each time by serving up a happy ending.

Where is the sponsor who, like Bell & Howell in the documentary field, will say to the network or packager that good art is just as important as good public service? Call up your best creative people and release them not only from the production assembly line but also from the prison of the happy climate. There is a lesser multitude who will be glad to play back favorably a corporate image or a product message when it is set in a context that liberates the playful fancy or the sober second sight of the poet—whom we must also have if our spirit as well as our society is to survive.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.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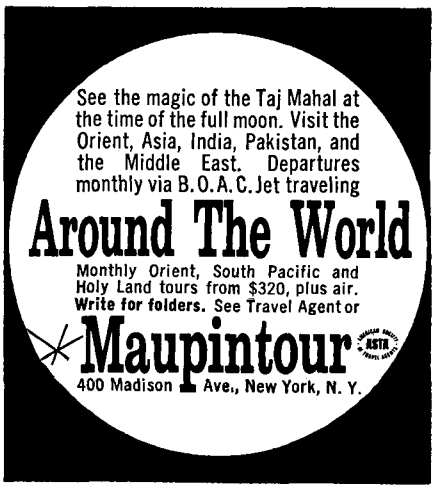
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Nothing Up the Sleeve

WHY NOT come right out and say it? **"The Caretaker"** is probably a masterpiece. Written by thirty-year-old ex-actor Harold Pinter, clearly the best new English playwright since John Osborne, the play is totally involved with the simple yet inexplicable truth of the relationships among its three characters. Sociology, psychology, and dramaturgy seem light-years away from the junk-filled garret in which we watch a tattered and vicious bum in his tragicomic struggle to stave off recognition of his low estate.

This man, whose name may be Mac (it is Mr. Pinter's method to let us know no more about verifiable facts in his plays than we do about those dramatic real-life situations we see only through their surface manifestations), is universal in that he stands for any of us who at times of humiliation has felt the increased necessity of holding onto some nonsensical identity or status. In this case, Mac keeps a dubious personality from complete disintegration by feeling superior to "foreigners" and "blacks," by fostering the illusion that if he can only "go down to Sidcup and pick up his papers" he will be able to sort himself out, and by being more critical than he can afford to be in his reaction to the handouts people occasionally offer him.

Mac's benefactor here is Aston, an introverted and lonely man with an obsession for acquiring junk and tools for future building and repair projects he never seems able to carry through. His extreme patience with his unprepossessing guest suggests both his need for human company and his reluctant acceptance of masochism as an inevitable condition of the nonviolent way of life.

The play's catalyst is Aston's extroverted brother, Mick, who diabolically indulges in sadism to push Mac into behaving so badly that his brother will be forced to defend himself and emerge from his passivity. There is no artificial building up of urgency, and little consciousness on the part of the three characters of the long-range intent and probable effect of their moves. Each moment is played by ear, and each speaker is more absorbed in his own fancies than he is in the logic of what he is saying. Often this makes for hilarity, as when Mac launches into a long explanation of why he needs a clock. At first we laugh because of all people an unemployed, unkempt man would seem to need a clock least. And then we laugh slightly differently at a frustration we *can* understand as he tells of his unsuccessful attempts to keep the time in his head so that when he wakes from a nap he will know whether it is time to go have a cup of tea. At other times there is sadness, as when Aston is relating the details of his shock treatment in a mental institution to a man who has no capacity to interpret these as anything more than evidences that Aston is "a nut."

Because everything must occur right there in front of us, and because we have no more knowledge of the characters' histories and motives than they choose to reveal, "The Caretaker" is an actor's delight. And with no necessity of having to prove a thesis, Director Donald McWhinnie has felt free to encourage his performers to explore and exploit the theatrical possibilities of each situation. At one point, for instance, Aston hands a bag to Mac only to have it intercepted by Mick. There ensues a game of monkey-in-the-middle, whose external pattern is entertainingly absurd. However, the actors make each exchange of possession a sensible action undertaken with a preacknowledged risk of outbreak of violence. It is as if they are, with a minor stake, testing each other's willingness to feel and act with passion.

Indeed, the whole play has this marvelous texture. Three people are provoked into surges of comedy or sorrow to rediscover the glory of the human condition. Donald Pleasence's characterization of Mac is a classic. While his shabby costume, his overgrown hair and whiskers, and his gaping, toothless mouth define him as a tramp, there is also something in him that surpasses show, something we sense from his anguished sudden beating of his fist against his hand as he searches for lost shreds of security. His final wretched humiliation is almost beatific in its feeling of release from security-seeking. As the sarcastic Mick, Alan Bates transmits to us the contagious relish of torture followed by hypocritical civility. And while Robert Shaw seems much too handsome and self-assured to play the role of Aston, he conquers his liabilities to a great extent with disciplined economy and concentration.

Oddly enough, the relative thinness of his performance may even help the play. For when the part was played by Peter Woodthorpe in London, one focused more on Aston and began to sense an allegory in which Aston became a nonviolent Christ-figure in conflict with a satanic Mick for the soul of Mac. And interesting as that allegory may have been, it was not intended by the author and somewhat took our attention away from the absolute urgency of the stage action. One must not look for hidden meanings in "The Caretaker." For only by giving ourselves to its deceptively simple action, played and spoken with such beautiful feeling for speech rhythm and patterns, and for the genuine humor and tragedy that are to be found in the atmosphere of modern existence, can we fully participate in the truest and most universal piece of theatre Broadway has had in some time.

AT its worst, the spectacle of American tourism is coarse, vapid, and raucous, and I'm afraid the same adjectives can be applied to most of Noel Coward's new musical, **"Sail Away."** From the beginning this musical cruise appears an unexhilarating nightmare of not very funny shipboard nuisances, and not very convincing shipboard romances. The whole unappetizing business is held together by a cynical cruise directress who feels too old to allow herself to go through the agony of starting a new romance with a handsome young tourist. This key role is played with brassy candor by Elaine Stritch and her performing dogs, but her pep and an occasional Coward witticism cannot keep the first half of this show from seeming as boring and inept as the worst vacation you've ever spent.

It is not until midway in the last act that Mr. Coward shows us any of his truer assets. In a song called "Something Very Strange" Miss Stritch suddenly softens into a much too experienced woman who is quietly happy to discover that she is still able to fall in love. And a little later, Mr. Coward reveals that he hasn't lost all of his sting when he lets the directress tell off a horrendous child and the child's indulgent mother. In both of these instances Mr. Coward courageously risks the charge of gaucheness to defend something he values in his own experience. Why is this excellence not found in the rest of the show, or even of his next-to-closing song, "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?" which only repeats what has been so laboriously demonstrated for two hours? Perhaps it is because he has just gone through the motions of doing something he did more brilliantly in his prime. While no one begrudges Mr. Coward a fashionable and relaxed cruise, "Sail Away" is mostly flail away. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Frying Pan and the Fire

THE FILM made from Arnold Wesker's play "**The Kitchen**" may help explain why much of London's food is unpalatable to visitors. The people employed in the kitchen of an establishment that serves 2,000 meals a day simply have no love for their work, and toil at much too fast a pace. Filets of flounder are tossed into vats of oil in lieu of frying, the chickens are scrawny, the meat-cutter chops away haphazardly the while he concentrates on drinking beer, and the way the hollandaise is made—ugh.

But it was not Mr. Wesker's intention to make us content with home cooking; it was rather to reveal the seething discontents that exist behind the swinging doors marked IN and OUT. The kitchen is a symbol, he appears to be saying, of what is all too evident these days: the workman no longer has a sense of identification with what he produces. At the same time a cog in the wheel and a romantic, he can only wind up as neurotic. And so his steaming kitchen is a kind of prison, both real and archetypical, in which the maladjusted inhabitants serve their terms, hoping to get out someday, but not knowing to what or where.

The head chef puts his faith in retirement, the assistants make passes at the waitresses. A cook goes berserk and smashes the crockery. The proprietor cries "sabotage!" And I, for one, disloyal to the core, kept worrying about the faceless customers.

Yet the picture's evident purpose is to bring some "truth" to the screen. No shirking. A veal cutlet is plainly a veal cutlet. But, somehow, Sidney Cole's screen adaptation and James Hill's direction do little to alleviate the static qualities of the story. Very early the film begins to bore; eventually it becomes tiresome. The cooks brawl and complain, a waitress faints because the aborting pills have not worked, the owner keeps coming in to cry "sabotage!" The point, unfortunately, is made in advance, and hardly needs the continued reiteration. It becomes apparent, too, that the words are not those of the characters, but are the author's. Nor is the realism new, except for the fact that the setting is a restaurant kitchen.

The actors try valiantly to emerge from behind the author's thesis and come alive, and notable as are Eric Pohlman as the owner, and Mary Yeomans as a waitress, one never really gets to know them or the others, for they remain stuck remorselessly in that kitchen, and so do we.

To judge by their films, the English are drowning in a sea of routine. One rebellious soul, Tony Hancock, tries art as the way out. Mr. Hancock bears the approval of no less a comic authority than Peter Sellers, and in "**Call Me Genius**" he has a wacky fling in the art world. Putting away his bowler and umbrella, he heads for Paris, where his childish doodlings impress some struggling members of the avant-garde. Unfortunately the ground for satire is tricky here, and the handling would seem to require deftness. This latter quality the film does not have, and the story rides off in several nonsensical directions at once.

There is, however, hope for Tony Hancock. Behind this comedian's impassive exterior lurks the gleam of madness, and he manages to suggest a blissful serenity as he creates his first "action" painting. He covers the floor of his studio with canvas, dons fishermen's boots and hat, slops buckets of paint with studied abandon, then develops his forms by riding over the mess on a bicycle. An interesting technique, and one wishes he had pursued his artistic directions further, instead of taking on the identity of another and supposedly good painter. George Sanders, Dennis Price, and Gregoire Aslan are also in the cast, and seem misplaced in the general wildness.

And, from Hollywood, comes "**Back Street.**" Oh, dear. Ross Hunter has updated this old faithful of a Fannie Hurst story, and has given it a contemporary lack of significance. Susan Hayward provides a dreadfully serious parody of herself as Rae Smith, fashion designer and mistress of John Gavin, department store tycoon. Suffering sinfully, they gloomily meet in Rome and Paris, in the most impossibly luxurious settings. Thoroughly wasted is Vera Miles as the alcoholic wife who will *not* give her glum husband a divorce. Miss Miles is so beautiful and elegant (albeit a little alcoholic) that one would have sympathized more with Gavin if he had shucked the lugubrious mistress and devoted himself to making his wife happier. Wrong casting, by the way. Miss Hayward would have been a natural for the boozy, unfaithful wife, and Miss Miles would have made a lovely mistress. Hunter was right, however, in not building in a part for Sandra Dee.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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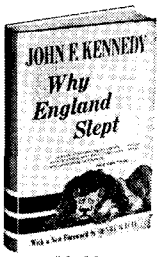

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Goliath and the Naturalist

"Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life," by Ivan T. Sanderson *(Chilton. 450 pp. $7.50), presents the case for the possible survival of creatures half way between animal and man. H. R. Hays is author of "From Ape to Angel."*

By H. R. Hays

THE LEGEND of the abominable snowman has attracted something of the same kind of public attention (both credulous and skeptical) as the flying saucer affair. Mr. Sanderson assembles reports which, it seems, have been appearing for decades in various parts of the world, attempts to evaluate them, and examines the ethnological, paleontological, and geographical facts that could have a bearing on the possible continued existence of subhuman creatures in unexplored areas of the earth.

The news stories and accounts by travelers or government officials that speak of unidentified manlike animals are fairly frequent in the nineteenth century and, far from being confined to Eurasia, also occur in Canada, Malaya, Indo-China, and the Matto Grosso of Brazil. These stories deal with not one but four main types: little, reddish, hairy protopigmies; some sort of giant; a hairy, manlike creature that might be compared to the Neanderthaler, and finally the large, shaggy, apish Meh-teh of Tibet and the Himalayas.

Mr. Sanderson notes that in many cases there is substantial agreement between such reports and the legends current among preliterate peoples. He also points out how many unexplored and heavily forested areas of the earth still exist, and suggests that subhominoids, and also intermediate ape-like offshoots of the anthropoid stem, might have continued to exist in spite of gaps in the geological evidence. They would have given way before the advance of *Homo sapiens* and have taken to the remote fastnesses of the forested mountain areas; and in recent decades (during which the reports have increased) the activities of the bulldozer would have driven them out.

The skeptical are reminded of the capture in 1938 of the *Coelocanth*, a fish supposed to have died out 60,000,000 years ago, and the subsequent discovery in 1952 that it was common enough to be eaten by African fishermen. "We have ample evidence of all manner of sub-men and sub-hominids in the past . . . and still know very little of the major surface of our planet. For these reasons—and because of the discovery of all manner of huge forms of life right up to the time of writing . . . I cannot see any possible valid argument *against* the continual existence of ABSMs," writes Mr. Sanderson.

Unfortunately, in the case of the snowman no museum specimen exists, although reports of capture do occur. The only tangible evidence consists of photographs of unusually shaped footprints, piles of faeces which have been analyzed with vague results, and hair from the alleged skin of the beast. The first-hand accounts are sometimes funny, sometimes straightforward, and sometimes pure nonsense.

The material Mr. Sanderson has collected is interesting and would be more so if the book were half as long. The author's tendency to rail repeatedly against the closed minds of zoologists becomes an irritating mannerism. His style is so determinedly popular that it falls half way between that of the editor of a science fiction magazine and that of a chatty columnist in a village newspaper. However, the book should appeal to those interested in unsolved mysteries and the reader's curiosity is piqued by the tantalizing though remote possibility that the abominable snowman really does exist.

Is the Psyche Hiding Secrets?

"The Hidden Springs: An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception," by Renée Haynes *(Devin-Adair. 255 pp. $5), and* ***"Hidden Channels of the Mind," by Louisa E. Rhine*** *(William Sloane. 291 pp. $5), explore the mysterious manifestations of the paranormal, from religious and experimental viewpoints respectively. S. Ralph Harlow, professor emeritus of religion at Smith College, wrote "A Life After Death."*

By S. Ralph Harlow

DURING the past twenty years an increasing number of intelligent men and women of known integrity and scientific training have written books offering reliable data and cases to those inquiring minds who seek to know more about ESP and other psychic phenomena.

"The Hidden Springs" is of special interest because the author is a convert to Roman Catholicism and is also a member of the council of the British Society of Psychical Research. Mrs. Haynes brings as witness clairvoyant experiences of such men as Pope Benedict XIV, who wrote about those who "revealed knowledge of things to come, things past, present events distant in space, and the secret places of the heart." She also records how Pope Pius V told a number of his household "at the day and hour of its occurrence that the battle of Lepanto had been won, a fact verified some time afterwards when couriers traveling at sixteenth century speed arrived with the news." The author also quotes Catholic theologians on such matters as apparitions, poltergeists, haunted houses, and other psychic phenomena.

Her references to Thomas Aquinas are numerous. On the official Catholic position, she states that "Catholics—like their spiritual fathers the Jews—are forbidden to try to develop and use the psi-function for any but a religious purpose." This may give the impression that Mrs. Haynes deals mostly with Catholic attitudes toward ESP and psychic phenomena. This is by no means true; the book covers a wide range of phenomena, much of it outside Catholic thought and dogma. The author has made a very special study of the psi-function in animals, especially as revealed in the habits of dogs, birds, and insects such as the white ant. She discusses such problems as water dowsing, psychokinesis, and egg-sexing. An interesting comment is made about psi-functions among primitive civilizations such as that of the Bushman tribes in South Africa. There are descriptions of the psychic phenomena that took place in the Wesley home in England and the Fox household in Hydesville, New York. Mrs. Haynes remarks that "Francis Bacon was perhaps the first man ever to envisage the application of experimental methods to psi."

No book in this field would be com-

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plete without reference to the work of the Rhines at Duke University, and Mrs. Haynes pays just tribute to their contribution. She sums up St. Paul's philosophy, based on his own psychic experiences, in these words: "Telepathic transmission of thought and ideas; precognition, psychokinetic powers, none has any value in itself, none was of any importance beside what could exist without them, the love of God and man." Mrs. Haynes finds in psychic phenomena "the reflection of God glittering like sunshine on wind-patterned water."

Dr. Louisa Rhine's "Hidden Channels of the Mind," another major contribution to the study of ESP, reminds one of a familiar phrase, "you cannot gild gold." For every student of ESP knows of the patient and courageous efforts of the Rhines and their fellow researchers at Duke University, of their scientifically sound methods in attempting to open up new insights into an understanding of extra-sensory perception and its relation to the ultimate mysteries of life and death.

Except for Camille Flammarion's "Death and Its Mystery," no book that has come to my attention contains so many and such graphic accounts of the different varieties of psychic experience as Mrs. Rhine offers in these pages. The volume's special value lies in its having been written for the average man and woman, among whom, as a leading publisher recently said to me, "there is no field in which there is such increasing intelligent interest as ESP and psychic phenomena."

Mrs. Rhine points out some vastly different sources of ESP experiences. "In some instances, people seem to receive information from another person's thought; in others from a distant or hidden thing; in a third, from an event that has not yet happened. These three different kinds of sources distinguish the different types of ESP which have long been classified in parapsychology as telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition."

Who has ESP and how common is it? Are people who have these experiences sane and healthy physically and mentally? Are women more susceptible to such experiences than men? Do children have reliable ESP experiences? Can mind directly influence matter (psychokinesis)? What new interpretations of time and space come out of this study? Do we have reliable evidence of communication from those who have died? These are but a few of the problems taken up in this fascinating book.

I would commend the reading of these two books to any who are interested in the mystery that lies beyond the reach of sense.

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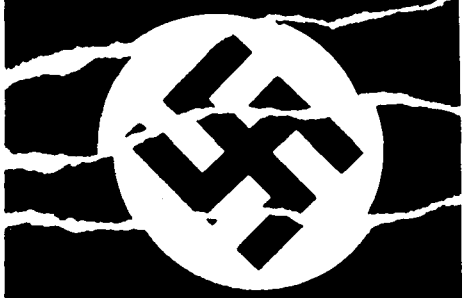

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Book of the Week

Continued from page 23

wild sadism of the Indians. But it is not a simple irony, for the Wahpekutes return to their lodges and their own comforts. We watch one way of life in deadly and meaningless conflict with another.

Kantor devotes pages to details of the massacre, the climax of a movement that has been gathering momentum for 700 pages. The Indians move from cabin to cabin, killing animals, bashing in heads, swinging young children by the heels and popping their skulls, tying young girls on horses, burning the huts; there is the mad fear of the occupants as they move to protect children or themselves, with the Indians imitating their grimaces and screams; and we see the harsh life and frequent rape of the women held captive in Indian villages.

There are also a resolution and dénouement, of sorts. The offending Indians are either scattered or killed; the women prisoners return to a society that is unprepared to understand what they had experienced, and the men who were not slaughtered go on to new communities and newer experiences. Some have had their lives profoundly altered, some are dead, and the others move on like lemmings:

> Morris said: They keep a-coming. Nothing on this earth can stop them. Twould take the power of Heaven to halt them in their tracks, and Heaven ain't a-going to do it. Heaven established them upon this earth, one way or another, and put that in their breasts which causes them to wish to move. So they'll always be a-moving. Maybe sometime folks'll cover up the whole entire sphere, if people keep on a-having babies; and then in some future age there won't be no place left for them to move to, here on earth. So they'll need to move to other whirling places in the sky.

How does "Spirit Lake" stack up as an American novel? Although many of his scenes are effective, and the realistic truth is insistently dinged home, Kantor is not Aristotle's poet—he is as close to being a historian as he is to being a novelist. Again, although his fiction is not philosophical at any important level, it is not synthetic. And it is dramatic. Kantor is only occasionally good at characterization. He writes a workmanlike, unspectacular prose. (One of his annoying mannerisms is employing parentheses with the abandon of a subfreshman with the comma.) Sometimes he creates a folk prose-poetry of the in-the-American-grain variety, as in this passage about plowing the prairie:

> Twould work, I think. Matted so thick, just like the mesh of wire: thick blanket of wire on grass roots all over the place. No wonder I busted those two plowshares. Had to get what they called a breaking plow, finally, to do the deed. But I done it. And now look at my garden. Plumb full of garden sass. Aint that pretty?

It sure is.

"Spirit Lake" is likely to find a great many readers. Kantor is not another Tolstoy, but there is a suggestion that he has cast a professional eye on "War and Peace." "Spirit Lake" does have suspense; the reader turns page after page with an expectant eye. He is shocked, dismayed, and sometimes delighted. If he meets with no great revelation, there is always the consolation that you can't have everything.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. May Wynn in "The Caine Mutiny" (Herman Wouk). 2. The fifth Earl of Gonister in "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" (Aldous Huxley). 3. The Statue in "Man and Superman" (Bernard Shaw). 4. Hoffmann in "The Tales of Hoffmann" (Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, librettists). 5. Clement Darrelhyde in "Hackenfeller's Ape" (Brigid Brophy). 6. Leporello in "Don Giovanni" (Lorenzo da Ponte, librettist). 7. Salieri in "Mozart and Salieri" (Alexander Pushkin). 8. Achille Papin in "Babette's Feast" (Isak Dinesen). 9. The Gray Steward in "Mozart and the Gray Steward" (Thornton Wilder).

Critique

Continued from page 27

son but which defies all attempts to solve it completely in any other way."

The difficulty of giving dignity and timelessness to modern literary themes is well known. The twentieth-century writer has invented mythical realms and planted references to "The Odyssey" and Greek drama. But the nearest, less often used but still possible "myth or allegory or history—however we may care to describe it" is the Christian, and the greatest dramatic moment within it that of the redemptive suffering of Christ as told in the Passion Story of the New Testament. Indeed, the newly discovered ease with which we can refer to the Christian story as myth has reinvigorated its possibilities for symbolic representation.

Such translations these four novelists have made. Dean Dillistone's account of them is concise and illuminating. In each novel there is "a central character who is ready to accept suffering and even death in the service of a transcendent value, a worthy end." Mauriac has given us a Christ-figure in terms of "disinterested love." Melville's presentation is of "innocent love." Kazantzakis's Manolios is a symbol of "universal love." Faulkner's little corporal moves as "reconciling love." Each character has his own rhetoric and his own dignity, but is brother to a Prototype.

The Dean is an Englishman, but none of his four novelists is British. Nor can one think of a British novelist, with the possible exception of Graham Greene, who has with the same degree of intensity created in fiction what Faulkner calls a "Passion Week of the Heart." But the author of "The Novelist and the Passion Story" is not concerned with deficiencies; he is more interested in extremes. Summing up one of the many rewarding aspects of his book, he gives his reason for his selection: "Looking at the group as a whole it is of interest that whereas two belong to the European and Catholic tradition, a tradition which has always treasured the sacramental, the historically continuous, the settled social structure, the unchanging symbolic forms of community life, the other two belong to the American and Reformed experience, an experience which has always related itself to the frontier, to a tension between the old and the new, to the historically revolutionary, to changing social patterns, to the dynamic potentialities of verbal communication. Christendom itself reveals the paradoxical character of the total human witness to the Christ."

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

POETRY AND LUCK. In art, good luck happens only to those who have earned it. The minimum requirement for a good poem, I have argued in the past, is a miracle. It now occurs to me that I was simply restating Keats's thought that poetry should surprise with "a fine excess." The poem has to turn out better than anyone, the poet included, could have foreseen that it would, or could have expected it to. That is the miracle: the poem must in some way outrun what seemed possible. It must somehow be struck by lightning. As, say, Emily Dickinson was when she set out to describe her innate revulsion at the sight of a snake and found herself saying that she never came upon one

Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the bone.

Think of the endless ways in which that line might have been nothing. An unlucky, unmiraculous, unlightning-struck poet might have written "And a shudder deep inside," or "And a shiver of the spine," or "And a tingle of revulsion." Had that same poet let those lines stand he would, of course, have been guilty of that esthetic immorality that tolerates shoddy as real stuff. But no matter how firm his refusal to stock bad goods, only a poet moved by lucky lightning could have struck from the page the ominous scraping *zizz* of that Zero.

Nothing but luck can do, but that luck is not free: the lightning must be worked for.

That work begins with the act of meaning the poem hard enough to reject such spineless bad lines as I have improvised as alternates, in refusing to settle for anything but true lightning. But it only begins there.

Having declared against all that is not lightning, how do the good poets get to the lightning itself, or it to them? For if to be struck by such blessed lightning is a piece of luck, it is a kind of luck that happens over and over to some people, and never to others. Some poets obviously know how to woo that lightning. It is in the wooing, in their devotion to the discipline of love, that they earn their luck.

Think of it in terms of a perhaps entirely frivolous figure. The good poet is a student of lightning. He keeps weather charts and he keeps them constantly to hand. He develops a feel for where the thunderheads are. He also keeps some sort of emotional helicopter ready. As soon as he spots a thunderstorm he is on his way to it. There he instinctively places himself under the tallest tree, makes sure he is soaking wet and standing in a puddle, wraps himself in chains for good measure, and holds up a lightning rod.

He won't catch the lightning every time. Luck cannot always be with him. But he is ready for whatever luck will come. He has earned it. And he must inevitably have more luck than the dry and stormless souls that live in Faraday cages.

A Faraday cage, in case you were asleep that day in first-year physics, is, roughly speaking, an enclosure shielded from outside electrical forces. An automobile is more or less a Faraday cage, unless it is grounded by a chain, as fuel trucks are. A mental Faraday cage is an emotional inclosure shielded from the storm of ideas. It will get you from womb to tomb dry and unshocked—unless the road gives out or you wreck it. But it runs to one side of poetry.

The good poet earns his luck by living closer to the weather.

But if there is no esthetic luck without devotion, it is still in fact luck, and devotion alone will not bring the lightning down. If all men are created equal as a political premise, what follows their creation spreads them out with considerable differences between them. How many men are created as equal as, say, Robert Frost?

There has to be not only devotion and risk but a talent for the weather. In poetry, that weather talent is locked into the poet's feel for words and images and rhythms and forms as living systems of things. He generates meaning—enduring and dramatic enactments of what it means to be a self-registering personality in a self-consuming body. But it is not meaning as such he pursues. He is after the *thingness* of the word, the image, the rhythm, and the form. The *thingness* is his weather. He has no need to mean it: he lives it. He does not tell a poem: he experiences it. He experiences himself into it. It comes to him as a cloud and he enters it, not knowing where he will come out, but certain that whatever essential lightning there may be in his life has to be in that cloud or another like it. And certain, too, that when the lightning does strike—if it does strike—he will know that it is in fact lightning, and not "a shudder deep inside," nor "a shiver of the spine," nor "a tingle of revulsion."

That is the other thing about lightning: one has to learn to accept no substitutes. But how? How can one be sure that he hasn't been settling for static electricity, which his nerves have been registering as lightning? I suspect one never ultimately knows. Perhaps it is more nearly a matter of praying for rather than knowing. I have known men I surely believe to be bad poets who were yet entirely and prayerfully convinced that they were toward the lightning. So perhaps do all men delude themselves. It is always possible to fail. But one tries at least to fail into the weather.

If there is any luck to be had, that's where it is.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY (AN OFFICIAL APPRAISAL): On September 4, 1961, a former Vice President of the United States named Richard M. Nixon teed off on the third hole of the Bel-Air Country Club in what is reputed to be West Los Angeles and dropped a five-iron shot for a hole in one.

According to the New York Times for September 5 (which in its turn relied upon UPI) Mr. Nixon spoke of his five-iron shot as "the greatest thrill of my life—even better than being elected."

Americans, as we all know, never did think much of the Vice Presidency despite recent public-relations build-ups, but it still seems worth recording from the horse's mouth that the office rates one notch below a perfect five-iron shot. I gather from a former friend of Mr. Nixon's that the Presidency itself is at least half a notch below that dream of the perfect five-iron, but I must not let myself be tempted away from the subject under consideration, which is the Vice Presidency.

In that connection, I am happy to note the official appearance on the market of a new cigarette named Brand-X. Put out originally as a spoof by some advertising men, it is now threatening to make money, largely on the basis of sales in California (where, as noted, anything can happen). A good regular cigarette, too, I can attest, though I am a filter addict by now and gave my pack away to a friend who thought the sales talk on the package was funny. As nearly as I can recall, it read:

"For the man who insists on nothing less than second best."

That certainly makes it the Vice Presidential cigarette, the recommended line for which might read: "For the man who always dreamed of being Vice President." Though now, I suppose, the line will have to read "For the man who never made a hole in one," with Brand-Y being reserved for the Vice Presidential suite.

So far I have been unable to run down any firm information on what, if anything, Lyndon smokes.

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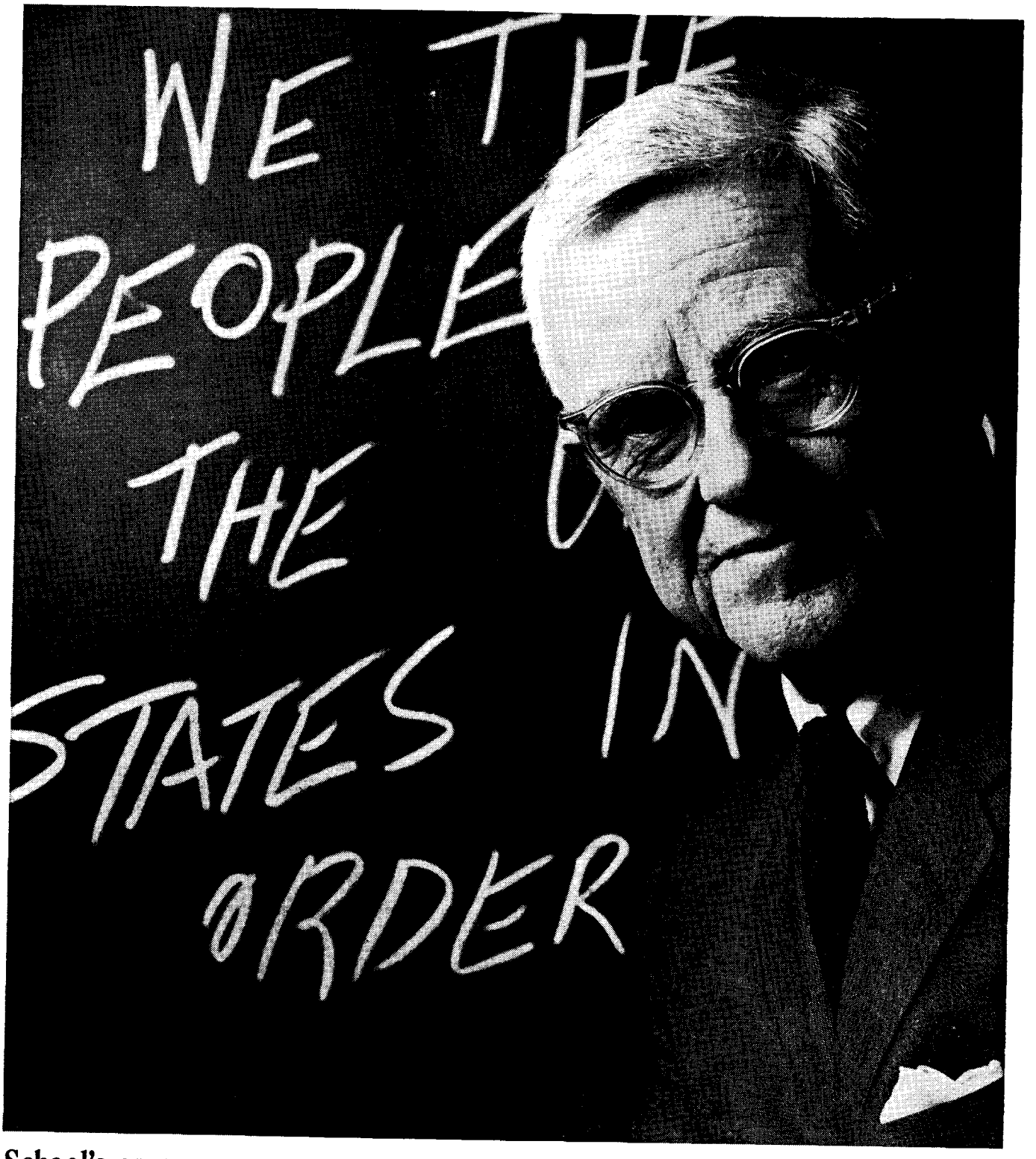

School's open... and with it Continental Classroom has opened for its fourth year. Continuing the unique vehicle NBC established in 1958 — the first and only television educational series broadcast simultaneously across the country for college credit — Continental Classroom, presented in color, breaks new ground this season. Departing from its past concentration on scientific technology ("Atomic Age Physics," "Modern Chemistry," and "Contemporary Mathematics"), it turns to political science with a two-semester course on "The Structure and Function of American Government," a sprightly and searching examination of the organization, workings and stresses of a democratic political system. The teacher: a distinguished scholar of government, Dr. Peter N. Odegard of the University of California at Berkeley. A dramatically successful experiment in educational television, Continental Classroom fills a special niche in the roster of NBC programs, a roster which offers a broad range of informational services — from documentaries-in-depth on major issues and events to daily news reports; from "David Brinkley's Journal" and Frank McGee's "Here and Now" to "Update" and "1, 2, 3, Go"; from "Meet the Press" to "Chet Huntley Reporting" — and which enchants millions of families through week after week with the most diversified entertainment schedule available anywhere.

It happens on NBC

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING

Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION

OCTOBER 21, 1961

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The Big-City Superintendent

A SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT has a tough job. To get things done he needs the support of his board, teachers, citizens groups, parents, and the local press; yet each important decision he makes may antagonize one or more of these groups. If he fails to decide he will hear from them all.

He must make, or approve, decisions about the budget, the design and location of buildings, salary schedules, and any major changes in curriculum and schedule. He must hire good teachers and get rid of poor ones, and every teacher discharged can be expected to have some influential friends. In some communities the conflicts are so severe that any misstep—even any firm step in the right direction—will involve the superintendent in controversy.

In a metropolis with hundreds of thousands of children and tens of thousands of teachers the superintendent faces additional problems. Whether he likes it or not he is the head of a vast bureaucracy. Assistant superintendents, specialists, principals, and supervisors stand between him and his teachers while business managers and auditors may check his every move. He must remain a stranger to most of his teachers because, even if he visits several classrooms each week, he cannot make the rounds within a lifetime. His views and his suggestions, instructions, and orders may be misinterpreted by subordinates, but because he is the head man and highly visible, he takes the blame when things go wrong. In any huge organization something is always going wrong and the result is that superintendents take a great deal of criticism. Some get more than others but there are not many large-city superintendents who would rate high in a popularity poll.

Some of the criticism is necessary as a prelude to corrective action. But some of it is unfair, much is trivial, and some needs to be interpreted. It is important to discriminate.

When a school board selects a superintendent from another city in preference to one of the local assistant superintendents who have been competing madly for the job it is not logical for teachers to criticize the new man for being an "outsider." Of course he is—that is why he was selected. Nor can a superintendent fairly be criticized for bringing in administrators and teachers from outside the city. Every school system needs some new blood now and then, and the largest ones, some of which have long-standing policies of hiring only local people, need it most of all. The fact that these new people will be unfamiliar with local tradition and will want to make some changes is all to the good, for the heavy hand of tradition is the greatest barrier to the changes needed in American education.

When a new administration is charged with "moving too fast" the accusation tells more about the conservatism of the community than it does

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about the soundness of the changes being made. Speed may be necessary even though it shatters complacency.

If a superintendent fails to appoint capable people to administrative positions, and to establish a program for attracting and holding good teachers, he must accept the responsibility. But he cannot properly be held personally responsible for everything that goes wrong in the classroom. He cannot reasonably be expected to be available at all hours of the night and day to every parent whose child has a problem. Most of these problems should be worked out between the parent and the teacher or principal.

There can be no excuse for the superintendent or school board that tolerates corruption on the part of the maintenance staff or contractors. Such corruption has been found in a few cities. It is probably more rare in the schools than in any other branch of city government but as the system grows in size and complexity the danger is increased.

It seems clear that some of our urban school districts are too large for effective operation. Perhaps they should be broken up into smaller semi-autonomous units, each under its own superintendent and its own board. (Chicago, Detroit, and Philadelphia are already moving in this direction.) This will require difficult legal changes but laws were made by men and can be altered by men. If this is not done, each principal of a large city school should be given duties and responsibilities more nearly comparable to those of a superintendent in a smaller town—this would be merely a matter of delegating responsibility. The principal should be free to innovate, he should have a large part in selecting his own teachers, and should have the authority to make necessary building repairs without having first to clear everything with the front office. It is neither necessary nor desirable that all the schools in a large city should be identical nor that they be subject to the same rules and regulations. Diversity within a large city is no less desirable than diversity within the nation, provided only that equality of educational opportunity is available to all children.

Educational reform requires the cooperation of citizens' groups and teachers as well as administrators because parents have the final responsibility for their children and the more experienced classroom teachers know more about teaching their own subjects to their own pupils than any administrator will ever have time to learn. But if the man at the top is to be something more than a manager of a static system he must have ideas of his own about the total educational process. He must be willing to take risks in providing both the leadership and the freedom to innovate without which educational improvement is impossible. —P.W.

(For a superintendent's view of some of these problems, see "The Superintendent's Many Publics" on page 49.)

What's Wrong with New York City's Schools?

THE SUPERINTENDENT of schools in New York City is bound by a volume of regulations and requirements that make it almost impossible for him (except by an infinite expense of time and energy and skill) to introduce any radical changes. These rules and regulations—ironically, set up in the first place to create a merit system to protect the city employee from unfair treatment and political manipulation—have now taken on a life of their own and become the major obstacle to improving city services. Anything which affects, even in the slightest, the interests and prerogatives of the employees runs into fantastic resistance, for the first aim of the rules and regulations is to defend the city employee against outsiders. Of the hundreds of school principals in New York, *not one* comes from outside the system. According to Sayre and Kaufman in "Governing New York City," "The New York City educational system is apparently more tightly closed than any other in the United States. The membership of the Board of Examiners (which gives all the examinations on which advancement is based) is recruited from within the bureaucracy it serves. When this cherished practice was broken into in the one instance on record (in 1937), the appointment of the outsider (who had formerly been a member of the system) was contested in litigation carried to the Court of Appeals." What, one wonders, would happen to the State Department, the Ford Motor Company, or Harvard University, if they were similarly closed to anyone from outside the system?

—NATHAN GLAZER *in Commentary, September, 1961.*

Letters to the Education Editor

SUPERINTENDENT BROWNELL

DETROIT CONSIDERS itself most fortunate that Dr. Samuel Miller Brownell accepted the office of Superintendent of Detroit Public Schools.

In making the appointment, the Detroit Board of Education sought and found in Dr. Brownell, a man whose "first loyalty is to the child in school," who believes the best education is attained for that child through the employment of the finest available teachers at a good salary, the provision of adequate facilities and proper working conditions, the development of a curriculum "to improve the quality of education and to make it more efficient," and who has the ability to win, through citizen participation, strong community support for the necessary financing.

To the implementation of these objectives, Dr. Brownell has brought a brilliant intellect, absolute integrity, courage, human understanding, a rare breadth of vision and experience, and a saving sense of humor.

Just as there are varying degrees of "reading readiness" among Detroit's 285,000 students, so there are varying degrees of readiness for the acceptance of change among a staff of more than 15,000 highly qualified, thinking individuals.

We sincerely believe, however, that the great majority of early difficulties have been overcome through five years of working together.

We are proud of the significant progress made in the personnel, curriculum, buildings, finance, and community relations of the Detroit Public Schools under he dedicated leadership of Dr. Brownell and his efficient and loyal staff, and the results in many areas which have received national recognition.

We therefore deplore the distorted image of Dr. Brownell, the Detroit Board of Education, the Detroit Public School System, and the citizens of Detroit, presented in the August 19 issue of *SR.*

MRS. BETTY S. BECKER, President,
Board of Education.
Detroit, Mich.

SHAMOS ON SCIENCE

PROFESSOR SHAMOS in "Science for Citizens" [*SR*, Sept. 16] has performed a decided service in emphasizing the need for our secondary school science courses to be concerned primarily with an understanding of the nature of science rather than with the products of science. In discussing the new science courses being prepared for secondary schools, he expresses the hope that this view is being accommodated in the design of these programs. My experience is that every effort has been made to do just that in the new physics, chemistry, and biology courses.

Professor Shamos also suggests that the general student is unlikely to benefit from

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these new curricular developments, presumably because the designers were thinking primarily of pre-professional students while they were constructing their courses. While I am in no position to speak for the other curriculum studies I can say that the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study early came to the position now expressed by Professor Shamos. The new biology courses being prepared by the BSCS were designed for typical students in average American high schools and, through an extensive evaluation program involving 65,000 students across the nation, we are finding that the courses are within the intellectual capacities of these students. Additional materials are being designed by the BSCS for students with special interests in science.

On a final point I must disagree with Professor Shamos. He states, "How strangely illogical is the order in which elementary science is taught in our schools. The usual high school sequence . . . is biology, chemistry, and physics; precisely the reverse of the order in which these sciences can be thought of as building upon one another." I submit that the logical structure of knowledge, important as it is, should be only one of a series of criteria to be used in determining sequence in a curriculum. Further relevant considerations should include student motivation, attrition throughout the high school program, educational consequences of the modified free elective system, needs of those students (the majority) who will not take more than one year of departmentalized science, and improvement of physical science programs in junior high school, among others. Whether a serious consideration of all appropriate factors would lead thoughtful persons to recommend a change in the current sequence, I am not now prepared to say; my present inclination is that it would not.

Arnold B. Grobman, Director,
Biological Sciences
Curriculum Study.

Boulder, Colo.

KELLER ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

The article "Needed: Revolution in the Social Studies" [*SR*, Sept. 16] would have been more convincing if the criticism of college and pre-college education had been more equal. After all, the teachers in pre-college education received their training in history and social science in the colleges. In the second place, the emphasis on weaknesses and lack of emphasis on the constructive features in social studies today are out of proportion. The article mentions "the remarkably good work being done in some places"—but it does not admit that the good work has developed and spread gradually. If this side of the word of education were publicized more, the process for improvement could be an "evolution" instead of "revolution."

Bailey W. Shearer.

Wilmette, Ill.

As one who has had the opportunity of meeting and/or working with hundreds of high school social studies teachers and scores of social scientists during the past five years, I am greatly encouraged by Dr. Charles Keller's excellent article "Needed: Revolution in the Social Studies." My experience certainly supports Dr. Keller's analysis of the current status of social studies in the nation's schools.

The "sheepskin curtain" is being punctured. It must be removed. Something must be done to establish and broaden channels of communications between the college or university professor and the public school teacher. This would permit the systematic flow of information both ways and make possible the constant improvement of instruction at all levels. The development of improved methods and materials, and a better education for all youngsters would be the result.

James M. Becker.

Chicago, Ill.

Despite name-changing and "post holing" Charles R. Keller's suggestions in the article "Needed: Revolution in the Social Studies" are little more than a recounting of what experts in the social studies have been saying for years.

Mr. Keller could well align himself with those of us who seek to improve teaching in this area without going through the trouble of renaming courses and coining terms in an effort to make his ideas seem new. Semantical bantering is not enough.

Harry V. Barnard,
Assistant Professor of Education,
Rutgers University.

New Brunswick, N. J.

CONGRESS ON FEDERAL AID

The "Education in America" section of the September 16 issue of *SR* was certainly a very fine one. I am moved to comment, however, about a letter to the editor, titled "Who Killed Federal Aid?" Mr. Roger A. Freeman asks the question, "Did all this come about because members of Congress are enemies of education and/or hate children?" I think he should be told that they undoubtedly do not hate children; they just can't stand posterity.

William P. Viall.

Washington, D.C.

A CRISIS OF CONSCIENCE

"A Crisis of Conscience" [*SR*, Sept. 16] was most interesting and some of the ideas and problems expressed by Mr. McMurrin are shared by many people who think seriously and honestly about education.

The "pursuit of excellence" is certainly a noble task which many academicians have given lip service to but find difficulty in achieving. If the schools of education and other departments on campuses were to raise their standards there would be many faculty members seeking employment elsewhere because the number of students would decrease appreciably.

It seems that in educating the masses many of the teachers must necessarily come from the masses. Perhaps this is an inherent weakness in our educational ideal.

Alex Vavoulis,
Stockton College.

Stockton, Calif.

FROM UTAH TO SUSSEX

Congratulations for the article "From Utah to Sussex" [*SR*, Aug. 19]. We found the comparison of the accepted standards in Utah schools with those of schools in England particularly enlightening.

Mr. Banellis has succeeded very well in describing the dilemma which responsible parents face, not only in Utah, but throughout the United States and Canada —how to instill and maintain a love of true learning in one's children in the face of the "no standards" philosophy of modern education. Your courage and audacity in this hush-hush area, where most publications still would have us believe all is sweetness and light, is truly refreshing. Let us hope you will not erase this good impression in subsequent issues through any false concept of objectivity.

M. Jean Goodrich, President,
Utah Parents
For Basic Education.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

I wish to offer my congratulations to Edmund A. Banellis for his courageous stand, and I must add that he is lucky to be living in the gentle state of Utah. If he lived in the Midwest or Far West he would be torn limb from limb by the savage patriots who will not stand for any criticism of the great American status quo. Although they will fight for "libbidy" to the last man they have their own conception of libbidy. I find that living in the Far West has been a source of daily rapture. I haven't yet overcome the pleasure of hearing on the radio that due to the present crisis many thousands of government employees will be frozen in their doodies.

I don't know. Maybe good English would deprive us of a lot of fun.

Olga Gannon.

Gardena, Calif.

HALL²

To relieve Miami University of the perplexity noted in Report Card [*SR*, Sept. 16], I suggest that John W. Hall may be suitably honored rather simply. The semantic problem involved in naming a hall for Hall may be solved mathematically. Name the quadrangle, sub-campus, or plaza about which the recitation halls are grouped Hall Square or Hall².

Reginald Stevens Kimball.

Larchmont, N. Y.

AFRICAN EDUCATION

In reference to the article "African Education" [*SR*, Aug. 19] perhaps if the United States had long ago put more stress on such programs as that of the cooperative efforts between England and our own country to afford Africans suitable teachers and educators, we would be held in higher esteem in many countries where we are not now thought too highly of. This article is one of the finest I have read of this type.

Thomas L. Holland.

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

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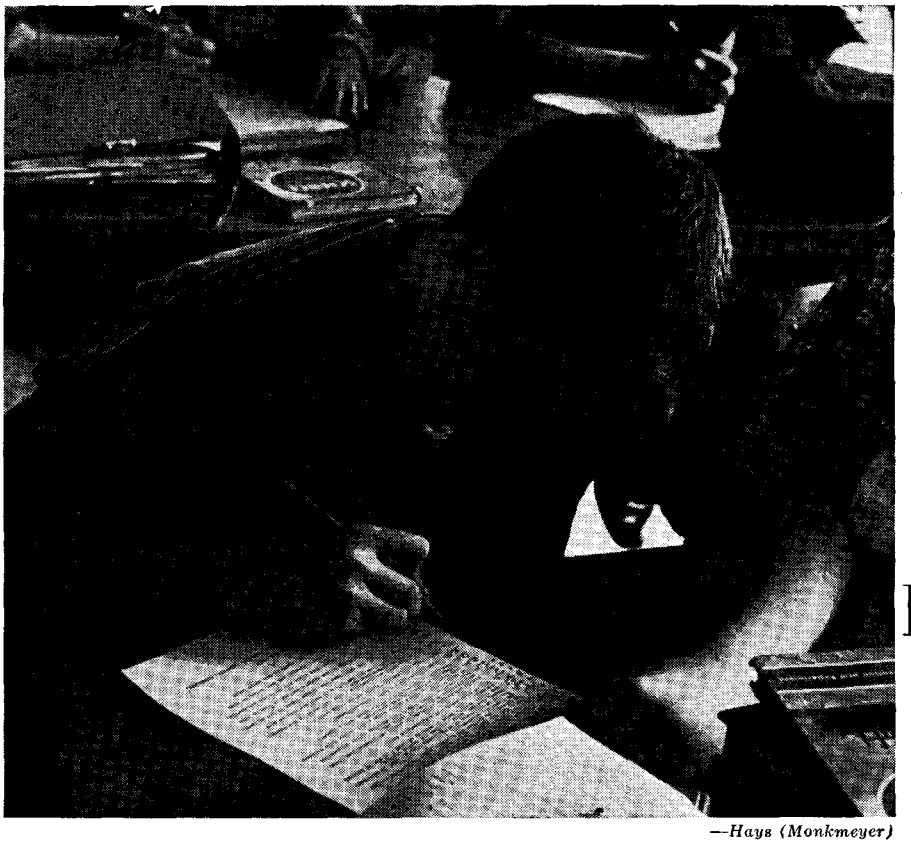

—Hays (Monkmeyer)

"Teachers are working students harder . . ."

THE TROUBLE WITH EXCELLENCE

By LOUIS T. BENEZET, *president of Colorado College.*

THUS FAR in the 1960s the watchword for education is Excellence. The word has gained great power. It is being used as a last word in all kinds of educational discussion, a true sentence-stopper. Unlike its counterpart watchword of the 1920s, it has so far escaped nearly all controversy. Progressive education in contrast was controversial from the start and is still a sure means to an argument among otherwise peaceable educators.

Hence we have had in recent special reports and studies the Pursuit of Excellence, the Price of Excellence, High Peaks of Excellence (a regional note from my own country), Encouraging the Excellent, and Excellence. The mere mention of the word seldom fails to produce solemn nods. Yet as the documents mount, so do the hints that there is no more agreement about the meaning of excellence than there has been about such phrases as progressive education, general education, and basic education. It is apparent that everybody talking about excellence isn't going there.

What is more serious, Excellence as it is being used to describe educational improvement has not yet focused on the development of a stronger national character, for which our times are crying. The Rockefeller Brothers Report, "The Pursuit of Excellence," ends with a plea for the moral implications of high performance; but there is too little exploration of this in the body of the discussion. John Gardner's *Excellence* treats the term in fuller perspective and my discussion finds no quarrel with his.

It is good to have watchwords like Excellence run up the masts of our schools and colleges. If it is our answer to the post-Sputnik educational depression, we could do worse. Beyond doubt, the educational phenomenon of the past three years is that teachers are working students harder and most students are responding. Yet if Sputnik and our answering cry, Excellence, have started us running, we must also ask whether we are all running in the same direction. The available evidence indicates we are not. Some have used Excellence as the call for a series of countermarches in education; others are using it to back their own opinions about whom, what, and how to teach. In brief, Excellence is in danger of being manhandled, like the word Democracy. It might even end up as a property of the reactionaries, such as befell the word Americanism in some circles.

The uses made by educators of the new watchword Excellence differ according to whether administrators or teachers are speaking. The administrator's use, as displayed in college convocations and letters by university presidents to their constituencies, verges upon the opportune. Excellence has become, for instance, a heaven-sent term to explain in one breath the reason for a sharp tuition hike. The alacrity with which it has been thus taken up across the country is remarkable. If a college with its additional $200 fee is out to purchase Excellence, what can the patron say? One such letter to students and parents, signed by the Chairman of the Trustees, ends, "It is a pleasure to serve Blank College and to pledge its future educational program to unqualified excellence." With such a pledge the patron can feel only humbly grateful to the institution for raising its tuition, and rejoice that the rise is to be so modest. The trouble is that the precise steps by which that institution is going to achieve excellence through the tuition hike can be but vaguely discerned. The word Excellence should be enough; yet is it?

Of all the administrator's uses of Excellence the most questionable is the statement "We are out for excellence in all things," when employed to rationalize a big build-up in the university's football program. That such statements have not been classified among the humor of the day is further evidence of public confusion over terms. There is excellence in education

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and excellence in hired skill, and seldom the twain shall meet. Excellence in intercollegiate football today depends upon one thing; the recruitment and subsidy of a large number of the best players who come on explicit contract to play football as a livelihood, their curriculum, class hours, and campus life being arranged by the coaching authorities so as not to interfere with the priority. To achieve excellence in college football today requires only a university decision to go all out on special recruitment, subsidy, and training. To speak of a winning football team as part of university excellence is therefore like lumping together the accomplishments of a philosopher and a performing bear.

The teacher's use of Excellence to define what education is aiming to do may be more important than the administrators' efforts to sloganize. In its effects upon interest in studies, Excellence seems to have done something merely by being spoken. Of all college decades, the 1920s witnessed the shallowest attitudes toward higher education; the cartoons of John Held, Jr., were closer to depiction than caricature. In contrast, contemporary prospects for college education are very good insofar as student seriousness is concerned. Parents have joined in so fervently that college officers are besieged by inquiries concerning the preenrollment of sons and daughters not yet in their teens. Once enrolled, today's college students are showing an unsuspected tolerance for heavy assignments. The university library is filling up on Saturday afternoons about as fast as the student side of the stadium is emptying.

Have we then arrived at Excellence merely by demanding it? It depends upon how closely we identify Excellence with quantity of study. On this faculty members themselves are not certain. All are delighted at the student response; yet the more thoughtful are asking what it will produce in quality of thinking. Are we producing what President Butterfield of Wesleyan has characterized as a dutiful generation? How are we doing on student originality? Or protest, for that matter?

One of the most debated areas for Excellence is college admissions, and the search for the "excellent" student prospect. We have more prospects to choose from now. The year 1942 saw the first upsurge of the national birth rate; this means that the predicted college population explosion began in 1960 and will be full upon us within three years. Coupled with the post-Sputnik cry for Excellence, the enrollment push is pressing upon college admission officers to a degree known only during the G.I. Boom of 1946-48. The difference is that it was then a pressure upon all colleges, whereas now it is a pressure still upon only the best known and highly selective ones. It would be only human for college professors to take advantage of such a circumstance. Thus Excellence in college is being identified with the fine-screening of the best applicants to the most sought-after institutions. Under the pressure, admissions committees reach for the most objective factors. As a result there has been a return to stiff requirements for a high school transcript showing four years of English, three years each of mathematics, science, and history, and at least one foreign language for two or, better, three years. Competence in the fine arts is taken lightly (except by those colleges with strong undergraduate music and art departments, and these are fairly rare among the big-name colleges). Twenty years ago the report of the Eight-Year Study of high school-college transition demonstrated that college success is quite independent of the particular subjects taken; but such data have faded. An undiluted diet of traditional subjects is typical of the private preparatory schools, in contrast to the comprehensive public high school, though of course they include them also. The private preparatory schools are therefore enjoying their greatest surge in history. There is an uncritical assumption by parents that private preparatory schools are the only sure route to college because they concentrate on the subjects and the style of preparation desired by the most selective colleges. That, to be sure, is a useful service; but it is not everything in the education of the adolescent.

Another by-product of the admissions race, and a more serious one, is the awesome authority attained by the College Entrance Examination Board. The CEEB has had the blessings of good leadership and wise counsel. It is a fair guess that its leaders did not plan to inflict upon high school youth and their parents what by now can be called the College Boards Neurosis. Admissions officers insist that College Board scores are only one criterion for selection. The best results still take care of only about one-fourth of the forecast of college success or failure. The guillotine score is a myth. Notwithstanding all this, the public seems convinced that the Student Aptitude Test of the CEEB is the bell that summons the child to heaven or to hell. Parents are prodding youngsters to take "pre-College Boards" as much as two years before time of college entrance. The scene is becoming infested by self-styled College Boards tutors and trots, guaranteeing results. The prospect is not a happy one for the public, the colleges, or the College Board itself. We are growing more like those European families who tutor their children for months to get them by the dread examinations at age eleven which determine their entire educational and social future.

THE impact of the admissions frenzy upon the concept of Excellence in American education is disquieting. If Excellence is to be interpreted to the public as a high College Board aptitude score, a pattern of so many courses in prescribed subjects, an experience in a private school that specializes in this preparation, and admission by one of some twenty-five "prestige" colleges, then Excellence inescapably must assume class overtones. The fact that most educators do not so limit Excellence is less potent than that Suburbia is convinced it is so. It is disturbing to think that American Excellence might be preconditional upon passing the right test and the right subjects in the right school and gaining entrance in the right college. If that impression is making headway—and I believe it is—then we have a long way to go in our

(*Continued on page* 63)

—*Amherst College*

"The public seems convinced that the Student Aptitude Test is the bell that summons the child to heaven or hell."

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MILITARY SCHOOLS: Do They Educate?

By RALPH LEE SMITH, *an honor graduate of Admiral Farragut Academy in 1945 who received one of the ten appointments to the U.S. Naval Academy reserved for graduates of top military schools. After two years at Annapolis he resigned, giving his reasons in a widely discussed magazine article that appeared in 1947.*

IN JOHN O'HARA's book "A Rage to Live" an angry parent says to his son: "I'm going to send you to a military school in Virginia, a school that stays open all year round, summers included, and they're stricter than any reformatory. They beat the boys and feed them slop, and keep them busy from six in the morning to nine at night. It's the strictest school I know of."

Military secondary schools have long been an established part of the American educational scene, but discussion of their role and their value seldom reaches a higher plane than the comments of the parent in O'Hara's novel. Actually, taken as a group, they have little in common other than the fact that the students and the staffs wear uniforms.

Certain military schools are highly profitable enterprises created to meet an obvious national demand by shrewd entrepreneurs with little or no background in either education or military matters. There is little rationale for the programs of such schools, and they have played a large role in fostering the widespread impression that military schools hardly qualify for serious membership in the academic community.

Another group of military schools, established and run by retired, high-ranking service officers, reflect a more genuine educational intention. These men believe that the inculcation of traditional virtues of honor and discipline are a proper part of the educational process. The military programs of these schools have authenticity and a dash of style. As schools, however, they frequently suffer from serious deficiencies despite the unquestionable sincerity of the men who run them. These men have usually been distinguished command officers, but few of them have any background in professional education. Since they feel perfectly sure about the goals they wish to pursue, they see no need to secure professional educators for their staffs.

The faculties are often haphazardly assembled, since the interest nearest to the hearts of the school's officials is the creation of a fine military program. Consciously or not, the military men often regard the academic staff as "men we hired to teach," not men to consult in formulating the school's program, and still less the men who ought to play an equal or predominant role in creating the policies of the school.

Such schools are almost inevitably inferior because they have not accepted a simple cardinal rule—that a military school, to be taken seriously as an educational institution, must be a school first and a military establishment second.

Only a relatively small number of the nation's military schools have sought directly for academic excellence, securing highly qualified professional educators and teachers for their educational staffs, and placing the development of over-all school policy in the hands of civilian educators or in joint committees of educators and military men. Among such schools are Manlius, Valley Forge, Culver, and Admiral Farragut Academy, to cite several of the universally acknowledged leaders. In preparing young men to enter the several service academies, an academic effort in which they specialize, they are without even close rivals; and in over-all records of college placement and achievement of their graduates they stand on a par with the country's best private preparatory schools.

Unfortunately, the number of military schools that are outstanding as schools is discouragingly small. After the brief list is exhausted, there comes

—*Culver Military Academy.*

"A military school must be a school first and a military establishment second."

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a long, depressing parade of mediocrity and inferiority. It is hard not to believe that this fact is closely related to the circumstance that no other group of American schools has been so reluctant to place the guidance of its programs in the hands of highly qualified professional educators. The great majority of military secondary schools today badly need to attract highly qualified teachers, upgrade the position and authority of the academic departments in the determination of school policy, and establish civilian supremacy in determining the educational objectives of the school.

Apart from the quality of the academic programs, the role of the military programs in such schools poses important questions, and in these areas too the need for civilian supremacy is strongly indicated. For example, many military schools receive recognition and assistance from the armed services. Many of them have close and direct contacts with high-level echelons in the Department of Defense through the retired generals and admirals on their boards and faculties. They secure, in the aggregate, a large amount of material assistance from the Department, including expensive equipment and educational materials. A few of the leading schools even have several men on active duty with the armed forces assigned to them on a full-time basis to assist in their educational and military programs.

Furthermore, the better schools are given "Honor School" ratings by the Defense Department, based on the meeting of high criteria as determined by annual inspections by teams from the Defense Department. These ratings entitle students at the schools to compete for a special group of service academy appointments reserved for them, and they give the school an important and highly valued credential of excellence.

Such assistance and recognition can easily become a two-edged sword. Some schools devote a large amount of the time of both their staffs and their students to conducting activities and programs designed to impress favorably the Defense Department's inspection teams. The situation also discourages experimentation with programs that have already met with the Department's approval, and particularly conspires against any limitation or de-emphasis of military activities, which many schools should undertake in order to increase their academic excellence. What is needed is firm and courageous leadership by professional educators, who would be much more likely to recommend, and to carry into action, modifications in the military

—Culver Military Academy

"The role of the military programs poses important questions."

program, and the introduction of educational experiments, even if some question arose in the minds of the military staff regarding the Pentagon's views of such changes.

Other problems are posed by the extent and scope of the military program in the school. Uniforms, parades, the creation of crack drilling teams, ribbons, and intercompany competitions for "the colors," have undeniable and, in my view, harmless appeal, and should be a part of the programs of all such schools. I remember the day I received the second highest academic average in the cadet corps at Admiral Farragut Academy, and was called front and center before the entire corps to have the appropriate silver ribbon pinned on me by the famous marine general, Cyrus S. Radford, the school superintendent. This simple, military-style recognition of academic achievement remains one of my most blissful teen-age memories; it took all the modesty I could command to keep from wearing the ribbon on my pajamas. But other aspects of the military programs at some schools are more questionable. For example, many of the schools, and especially those with Honor School ratings, conduct classes in various aspects of military science and tactics, for credit, during regular school hours and as part of the regular or elective curriculum. Such subjects add nothing to the real education of a teen-ager, and take time that could be far more profitably spent in more general basic education. Youngsters with a genuine interest in military affairs can get such courses as part of ROTC training in college, or at the service academies if they elect to go there. In military secondary schools, the military program should almost certainly stop at the classroom door.

Even outside the classroom, civilian educators and military men sometimes tend to see aspects of the military program differently. Much controversy has centered around the idea of discipline and the methods by which it is attained. Educators and faculty members have often felt that the concept of discipline underlying the military program goes no deeper than formal observances. A well-disciplined student is one who shines his shoes, answers the bells, and follows the rules and the regulation book. "You can shine your shoes well in jail, too," one faculty member of a military school commented to me.

Educators in general feel that the military programs, if properly conceived and administered, can play a useful educational role in the development of personal and internal discipline, which is the only type of discipline they believe has permanent value. At several schools the question has received serious study by joint committees of educators and the military staff. By an irony of our times, their struggle with this issue has lifted them out of the traditional stereotype of the military school as a backwater of education, and placed them in the forefront of current controversies about moral standards and national purpose.

"Every society and social institution that got anywhere has had a sense of discipline," Raven O. Dodge, headmaster of Admiral Farragut Academy, said to me. "The family, the community, and the church used to have this sense of discipline and used to pass it on. They don't do it any more. That has left us in schools of this kind with something big to think about."

Evaluation of the military programs by combined military-academic committees for the purpose of improving their value as educational tools has brought about far-reaching changes in some instances. Old systems of "plebing" and "hazing" have been drastically revised in several schools. Traditionally, second-year men and cadet officers have been given almost unlimited hunting licenses to "shape up" the new boys, while little effort was made to inculcate a sense of responsibility to match the almost unlimited powers conferred. Under several of the revised programs, older boys and officers are

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told that their duty is to assist newcomers to understand and achieve a sense of personal honor and discipline. Cadet leaders are sternly admonished that "ragging" or torturing a new, insecure, or fearful youngster is perversion of honor that will be severely punished.

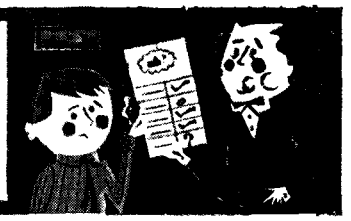
Two other important reforms are needed in the effort to base military programs on sounder educational values, and to make them genuine tools for the development of responsibility and leadership. In most military schools, the real power lies in the hands of cadet officers, while the student government remains a shadow organization. Thus, at a time when most civilian schools are emphasizing the value of student government in building concepts of democratic leadership, military schools have overlooked the benefits that could accrue from uniting their cadet officer student system with the student government. The cadet officers should constitute the student government in military schools, and their responsibilities could thus extend to the development of democratic responsibility toward their fellow students and the school.

An even more drastic step, and an equally necessary one, is to remove general supervision of the disciplinary program of such schools from the hands of military officers, and to place it in the hands of trained guidance counselors. In this way the system of discipline and responsibility can be formed and guided by a person with the proper professional training, and shallow or inadequately conceived approaches can be eliminated.

These are a few of the frontiers that military secondary schools should explore. At the same time, a more creative approach by the military schools should be coupled with a more enlightened and cooperative community attitude. There are many people who still regard military schools as a place to dump and get rid of youngsters who fail to make a proper social or academic adjustment in their own communities. This attitude places great additional burdens on military schools, which are in effect being asked to perform the impossible task of succeeding where the family and the community have failed.

The combination of a properly conceived military program and an academic program of outstanding excellence offers a challenging prescription for the needs, aspirations, ideals of honor, and strong desires for the symbols of responsibility and leadership experienced by teen-agers. The necessary fresh thinking by both the schools and the community is long overdue.

Report Card



EXTRA DRY. As part of an experiment in botany, a seventh-grader in Needham, Massachusetts, recently was assigned to sprout a grapefruit seed in water. On the day he was supposed to produce his exhibit, he showed up without it. When his teacher asked for an explanation he replied somewhat sheepishly: "I was growing it in one of my father's Martini glasses and it was doing all right until he invited the neighbors in for a drink." (*Contributed by Mrs. A. T. Bennett, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.*)

SPELLING LESSON. A first-grade student in Laconia, New Hampshire, who is addicted to fruit cocktail, recently opened his favorite kitchen cupboard and was confronted with an array of cans labeled "Finast." "Mommy," he asked, "does 'Finast' spell fruit cocktail?" "No," she replied, "it's just a brand name." "Well, I wish they'd make up their minds," he shot back, "because sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't." (*Contributed by Mrs. Bernard Emery, Laconia, New Hampshire.*)

GREAT EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS. On the opening day of school, third-graders at the Port Washington (Long Island) School were asked by their teacher to write a paragraph about themselves. From a young sophisticate came this response: "Something special about me—I was born on the day the Alamo was attacked, but many years before." (*Contributed by Phyllis Klein, Port Washington public schools.*)

LOST CAUSE. For generations, American schoolteachers have been striving mightily—and with indifferent success—to eradicate the word "ain't" from the vocabulary of their students. Now comes the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary, published last month, which says: "Ain't is used orally in most parts of the U.S. by cultivated speakers."

RECESSION. In Des Moines, twin boys whose father is out of work went to school for the first time last month. When they returned home on Friday their mother told them they wouldn't have to go back Saturday or Sunday. One of them asked plaintively: "Are we laid off already?"

NOT THAT AGAIN! The U.S. Department of Agriculture recently announced the purchase of 7,800,000 pounds of frozen, ready-to-cook Grade A turkeys, costing $2,400,000, for the federal school lunch program.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY, CHAPTER III. Students at Witwatersrand University in South Africa recently claimed the new world's record for collegiate bunk stuffing (*SR*, Apr. 15). Eighty-three of them, stacked like cordwood, piled into a bunk six feet long and three feet wide, topping by sixteen a record set last spring by students at Southeast Oklahoma College in the United States. In the meantime, four students at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland staked a new claim to fame. They played a golf match up the side of Britain's highest mountain—4,406-foot Ben Nevis in the Scottish Highlands. The match took three hours. Winning score: 158. Lost balls: 63.

POOR PREPARATION. When Roger Maris attended Shanley High School in Fargo, North Dakota, he was an all-around athlete, but he had to content himself with starring in football, basketball, and track. The school didn't have a baseball team.

THE PERENNIAL EVE. The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London recently reported without comment the following excerpt from a schoolboy's confession to his teacher: "Please ma'am i am sorry that i was naughty but i was dared to by a girl."

PROPER CREDENTIALS, CHAPTER II. The Washington *Evening Star* reported recently that a nursery school for Caroline Kennedy and several of her little friends was being established at the White House. The teacher, Mrs. Jaclin Marlin, was formerly director of the pre-school program at Harvard's Graduate School of Education.

NO COMMENT. Valparaiso University in Indiana recently announced the formation of the Crusaderettes, a girls' precision marching drill team, which hopes to be in shape for half-time entertainment during this fall's football season. The team has two faculty advisors. —JOHN SCANLON.

(*Contributions to this column are welcome.*)

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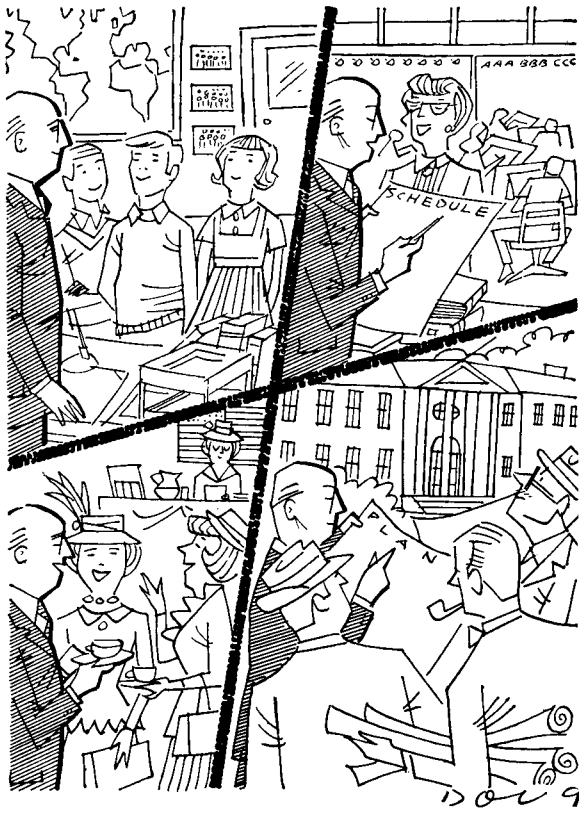
THE SUPERINTENDENT'S MANY PUBLICS



By CHARLES H. WILSON, *Superintendent of Schools, Highland Park, Illinois, District 108.*

A DISTINGUISHED newspaper columnist recently observed that "one of the ironies of the American educational system—and perhaps elsewhere as well—is that the higher one goes in the hierarchy, the less intelligence is found. Teachers are commonly brighter than principals, and principals than superintendents."

As a superintendent, I was tempted to cancel my subscription to the newspaper and blister the columnist in the bargain. Upon sober second thought, I was moved to pen a letter of resignation to my board of education. That I took neither action may well be indicative of the survival instinct that characterizes this doughty breed known as superintendents.

Unfortunately, there is no data to support or deny the contention that the superintendent's I.Q. may suffer by comparison with professional people generally, or with executives in business and industry. Despite some early indications of scholarly promise, like a double promotion and a sparkling graduate school record, I recognize my own limitations; and I am keenly aware that some of my argumentative colleagues appear to lack the proverbial brains to come in from out of the rain. But I just don't know how we stack up on the average.

I do know that members of a board of education invariably go to great length and expense to select the most intelligent, competent and experienced man they can find. Having found him, they immediately set forth to prove that he is a gibbering incompetent.

Anyone who pretends to know why a given collection of merchants, lawyers, farmers, doctors, and housewives will select a particular individual possesses great conceit, great ignorance, or clairvoyance. By and large, the top banana in education typifies the public's image of a successful, scholarly, go-getting son-of-a-gun. That there may be conflicts among these adjectives is indicative of the conflicts inherent in the job. Go-getterness and scholarship are seldom compatible in one and the same person. Something must give.

From the vantage point of over a quarter-century in the teaching profession, I suggest that the least utilitarian virtue in the superintendent's arsenal is scholarship. It may be useful to engage the eye of an occasional citizen who imagines educational administration to be concerned primarily with education; but sooner or later the bright young man will find his scholarly adornment a feeble rivet in his armor.

There are many who deplore this state of affairs. To the jaundiced eye of the college professor, secure in his manageable world of books, scholarly fellowship, and students in voluntary attendance, the comparatively high salary of the school superintendent is patent evidence of depreciated values in a democratic society. The professor is joined, on the one hand, by editors, jurists, medics, engineers, and other professional persons who upon occasion are appalled by the superintendent's lack of knowledge of subjects in which they themselves excel; and, on the other hand, he is joined by mechanics, janitors, bus drivers, cooks, and football coaches who are equally nonplused by the superintendent's ignorance in their field of specialization.

One can legitimately ask, "In what areas should the educational leader of a community excel?" To intellectuals and learned people generally, he should be a man of culture, high intellectual endowment, and scholarly attainments. But the intellectuals and learned people represent no more than another small pressure group within any community. Even in the uppercrust suburbs, where large numbers of literary, scholarly, and professional people tend to cluster, the interest of the majority usually centers in sports, politics, and the stock market. And all the people vote. The cultural or scholarly attainments of the superintendent matter little to the voter deciding whether to dig deeper into his pockets in support of a bond issue or tax referendum.

Like it or not, the school superintendent is basically a politician. In most states he is exempt from political affiliation and direct appeal to the electorate. Nonetheless, his tenure in office depends almost entirely upon the good will of the public. Or publics. For having three publics, he walks a delicate tightrope in and about a labyrinth of complicated and often contradictory forces, any one of which can be his undoing.

The first of his publics, of course,

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is the board of education. In point of law, the board has absolute power in all phases of public school operation, including the power to hire and fire the superintendent. The board determines the curriculum, sets salaries, employs all personnel, selects textbooks, purchases equipment, builds buildings, and determines class sizes. A superintendent can scarcely buy a ream of paper in his own right. Any power popularly attributed to him is more imaginary than real. And woe unto any man who forgets this fact. The graveyard of superintendents is crowded with men who failed to remember, or never learned, that their legal rights were as scarce as hens' teeth.

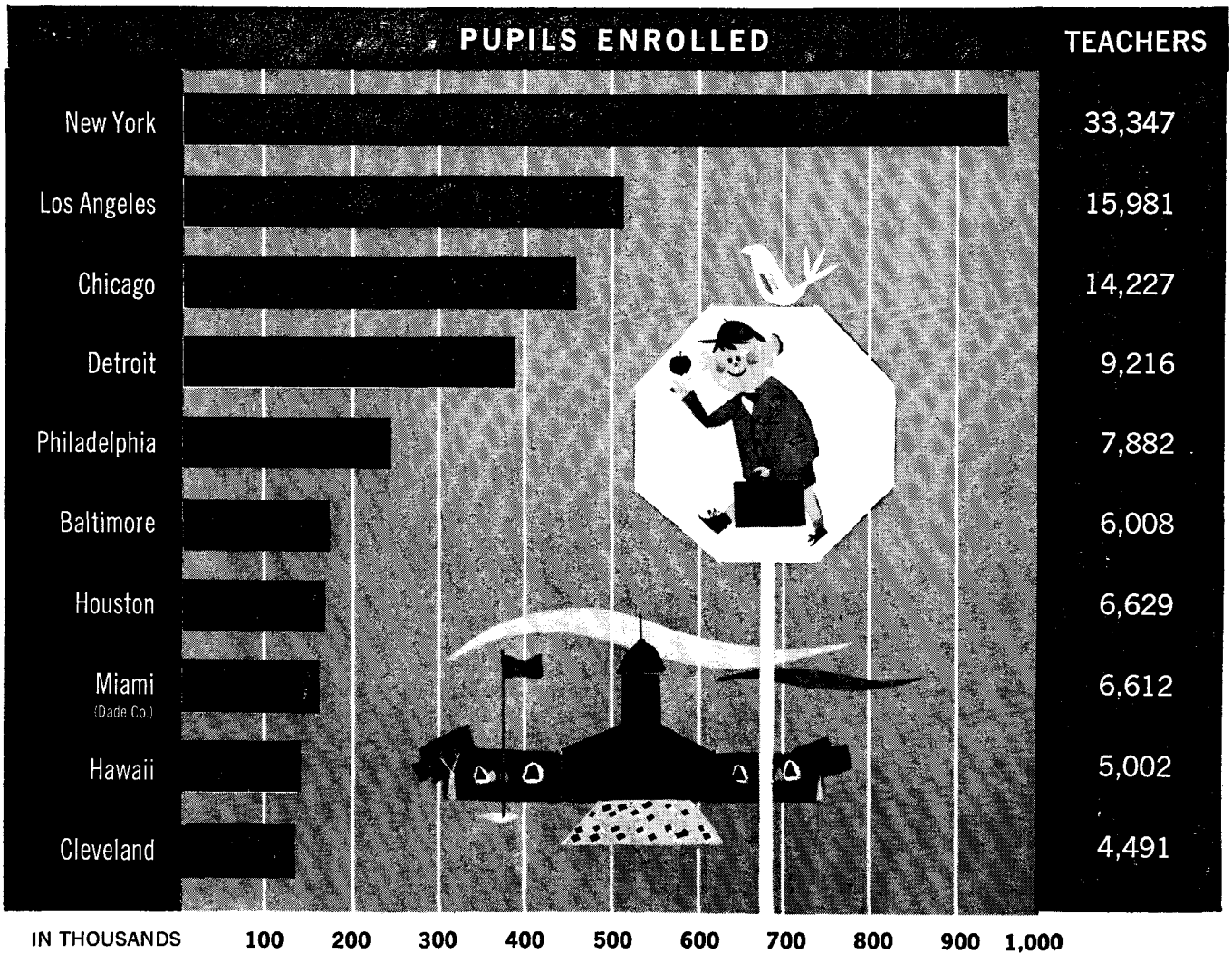
With this absence of power ingrained like instinct into the practicing superintendent, he cultivates his board of education as assiduously as any party committeeman cultivates the voters of his ward. Consciously or otherwise, he studies his board with meticulous attention, storing up bits of knowledge about each member that tell him automatically how this one or that one will react to any proposition. In time, if he is the least skilled in his work, he knows without asking how a board will respond, let us say, to an expenditure for light bulbs, a movie projector, or a school bus. Similarly, he knows within limits what a board expects in the way of personnel, textbooks, or curriculum, and he can speak with considerable accuracy to his other publics, his staff and community, about what the board will and will not do.

WITH considerable accuracy, I say. Not authority. The roof has fallen on endless men who presumed to speak with authority on what a school board was prepared to do. But ironically, both the teaching staff and the community look upon the superintendent as an authority. Both groups assume that he *tells* the board of education what course of action to pursue.

I humbly submit that no superintendent in his right mind ever tells a board of education anything. Whatever techniques he develops in dealing with this all-powerful group—and they range from obsequious begging to pompous demands—in effect, he is only an unofficial spokesman for his other two publics, either of which can, if it chooses, speak in its own behalf directly to the board. And does!

Let us look for a moment at these other publics of the superintendent. First, the professional staff, most of whom he will in time have recommended for employment (not employed) and who generally accept him as leader, boss, and spokesman to the board of education. At times, the superintendent serves in all three capacities. Yet in reality he is not a leader by virtue of the fact that the staff has had no part in his selection; he is not a boss except by delegation from the board of education; and to expect him to speak for a staff that has had no part in his selection to a board that has, is to expect the strangest order of doubletalk. Indeed, every superintendent talks out of both sides of his mouth at the same time, representing the staff to the board and the board to the staff during most of his professional

The Nation's Ten Largest School Districts



Source of data: National Education Association

Graph by Pageant Studio

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life. I have found myself writing and answering my own letters in the same day.

All of this would be cozy enough if the matter ended there. But beyond these two publics for which the superintendent alternately serves as leader, servant, spokesman, interpreter, and fulcrum, there lies a greater, more unpredictable, cantankerous, schizophrenic public—the community at large. And when the chips are down, this is the only public that really matters. For in less than the time it takes for a superintendent to know his board of education, the community at large can install an entire set of strangers antagonistic to every principle and charm with which the administrator is endowed.

The community's influence on public school operation is something of a phenomenon. Superintendents are wryly amused by occasional charges that they themselves exercise an hierarchical control over public education. It is true that, like most Americans, we suffer from a gregariousness that impels us to join clubs and attend conventions; and we design statements of principle aimed at what we believe to be desirable for better schools. But it is a credulous superintendent who believes these eloquent statements of principle make any vivid impression upon the people back home.

WHAT the people back home are interested in is a far cry from anything deemed significant by societies and individuals concerned with the welfare of public education. They are concerned that one class is larger than another. They are troubled that teacher A is inferior to teacher B. They are concerned that the discipline is too lax or too severe. They are worried that the school day is too long or too short, that the lunchroom program is inadequate, that a mile and a half is too far to walk to school. I have been besieged by parents who complain that a school assigns too much homework and by other parents who complain that the same school assigns no homework!

It borders on the trite to say that this third public, the community of parents and taxpayers, is never satisfied. In an idealistic sense, no group of human beings ever should be satisfied. The dilemma of the school administrator, however, is to keep peace among a myriad of forces with inimical dissatisfaction, while at the same time inching the school toward an effective role in the education of children.

As a consequence of this intermediary role into which he is always cast, the superintendent appears to the educational reformer as an arch reactionary; to the tax savers' league he assumes the proportions of a wild-eyed progressive; to the teaching staff, he usually appears as a penny-pincher; to the board of education he looks like a spendthrift. A large share of the time he wobbles and bobbles among the various images he projects.

The queston arises: Is it inevitable that the superintendent's role be that of politician? Or is it possible that the scholar—that is, the man of high academic attainments and continuing interest in intellectual pursuits—can find a place of leadership in public education? I hope I may be excused for taking a dim view of the prospects. The fact is that boards of education prefer men with wide experience in public school teaching and administration. Furthermore, my suspicions, unsupported though they may be by objective data, are that the individuals who rise to positions of top leadership were, in their earlier days, as well endowed with brains as those whose interests and aptitudes lead them into scholarship. The question really is: Can one be a scholar and administrator at the same time?

I trust my colleagues will not stampede me with wrathful indignation when I declare that the answer is *no*. The demands on the public school administrator are antithetical to the demands on the scholar. The superintendent's full time and energy are required in meeting and communicating with individuals, committees, boards, and organizations; the scholar requires great amounts of time for books, study, research, and reflection. With a rare exception now and then, it is impossible for one with the highest intelligence to combine these two worlds into one life.

A final question remains, and it is this: Can we hope for a climate in public education where we can support scholars in top echelons of administration? Personally, I see little possibility so long as the major support and control of schools lie in the hands of local communities. As long as public education receives its major financial support by direct vote of the citizens, as long as the major control lies in the hands of popularly elected officials, and as long as *all* children are compelled to attend school, skilled political leadership will be required of the school executive. Any alternative is alien to the American mind.

Of course it is possible to support a system of public education at the state or national level. Already, contrary to popular belief, public education is a state and not a local responsibility, and it is only a matter of legislative action to place all public schools in the hands of professional educators. Appropriately selected committees could appoint first-rate scholars to positions of administrative responsibility *for life*. Our public schools, all of them, could be assured of first-class academic leadership unhampered by conflicting local pressures and whims. The truant officers who now bring kids to school could be replaced by police guards to keep parents out. All John Q. Citizen would be required to contribute is his tax dollar, his child, and his silence. We can have schools of scholars, by scholars, for scholars with a twist of the wrist.

Do I hear any takers?

Meanwhile, friends, get off my back.

News from Mississippi

"No problems have ever faced the members of any convention in the long history of the Mississippi Education Association greater than those that face us during this year, 1961. The fate of the great public school system founded ninety-one years ago perhaps hangs in the balance in the months ahead.

"In Mississippi a dual, segregated program of education has been operated for all the children. It is the belief of an overwhelming majority of our people that this type of program, considering the background and traditions of our people, is the best for us.

"If, however, this system of operation is challenged, the solution must be found through the efforts of dedicated leaders who put the welfare of the children and the future of our state and nation above everything else.

"In the day of last resort, our people must know that to abolish the public schools would be to close the door of hope for many ambitious youths in this state. It would bring to a halt the wheels of industry on the borders of our state, and destroy the dreams we have had for a great state whose economy would be based upon agriculture and a great industry."

—J. M. Tubb, State Superintendent of Education, in an address on March 16 at the seventy-fifth annual convention of the Mississippi Education Association.

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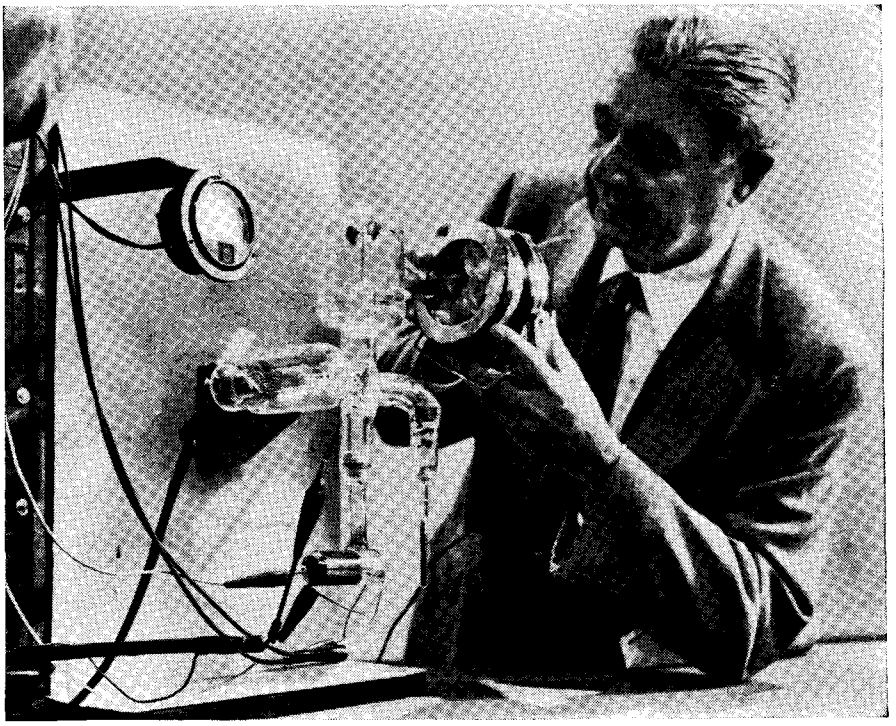
JERROLD R. ZACHARIAS: Apostle of the New Physics

By GLORIA DAPPER *vice president of Glick and Lorwin, education consultants, and* BARBARA CARTER, *staff member of the Reporter magazine.*



Physicist at work: Zacharias of M.I.T.

PROFESSORS in American colleges and universities have for many years railed at the inadequacy of high school courses in their subject matter fields, but few of them have ever bothered to do anything about it. A notable exception is Jerrold Zacharias of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has touched off a revolution in the teaching of physics in U.S. high schools.

A foundation officer who knows Dr. Zacharias recently described him as "a human dynamo." This is probably no exaggeration, because the energy, enterprise, and imagination that the MIT firebrand has poured into his project stagger the imagination.

It is an axiom among educators that changing a school or college curriculum is about as easy as moving a graveyard, but Zacharias has done just that in the field of high school physics.

This fall, the new course is being taught in some 2,000 high schools to an estimated 75,000 to 80,000 students. The content differs dramatically from previous courses called "high school physics." In the new program, the major developments of physics are presented as a logical and integrated whole. There is less emphasis on isolated facts and much more on physics as an intellectual and cultural pursuit. And the principles being presented are the most advanced known to those working on the frontiers of science.

The new program is the brainchild of a large group of high school teachers, college professors, and scientists known as the Physical Science Study Committee (PSSC), which has been at work on the project for more than five years. Although the firing of Sputnik I in October, 1957, is usually listed as the starting date for all recent educational progress, particularly in science, this committee began work in the summer of 1956, a full year before. Zacharias organized the committee and has served as its director.

Although Zacharias is primarily a physicist, he also has the instincts of a politician, a psychologist, and an iconoclast. With his new high school physics course, he has set off a chain reaction that will result, if he has his way, in sweeping curriculum change from the primer to the college seminar.

A few weeks ago, for example, he said to an interviewer: "My experience with this project has convinced me that we must now go all the way back to the elementary schools. You can't carve up a discipline there the way we do in graduate school. A youngster has to see problems whole."

The fifty-six-year-old prizewinning physicist, who first won fame with the wartime development of radar and then with his work on the nuclear bomb, is a dynamic person. Born and raised in Jacksonville, Florida, Zacharias began his career in science by doing experiments with a mail-order chemistry set. He was introduced to the wonders of physics at Columbia University by a graduate student named I. I. Rabi, who was later to win the Nobel prize. After receiving his Ph.D. at Columbia, Zacharias worked for several years in the molecular beam laboratory there under Dr. Rabi, joined the staff of the radiation laboratory established at MIT for the wartime development of radar, went to Los Alamos to direct the engineering division in work on the atomic bomb, and returned to MIT in 1945 as a professor of physics and director of the laboratory for nuclear science.

Sparks fly in his presence. He is a stocky, restless man, with staccato speech spiced with Yiddish phrases, often trailing off without finished sentences. To make a point, he'll leap to the blackboard and illustrate his remarks, commanding his audience to "Look here." His sense of humor is never far beneath the surface, although his own quickness makes him sound short-tempered when understanding isn't immediate. (Many years ago, when physicists were considered oddballs, Zacharias told his anxious mother to explain to inquiring friends that "a physicist is like a chemist, only he doesn't smell so bad.")

It took courage to try to change the physics curriculum for secondary schools in the way and to the extent that the Physical Science Study Committee did the job. The physics curriculum, like that of nearly every subject taught in school, represented a point of view that had been out of date for generations and consequently had all

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the respectability that comes with antiquity. Furthermore, an accelerating technology had caused the course makers and the textbook writers to keep adding popular technical innovations, which because of their very competence resulted in a formidable patchwork of subjects that far outweighed the basic principles.

One of the first decisions the committee made, with reluctance, was that the course should be designed primarily for such a student as was then studying physics—in other words, a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old in his last year of high school, in the top quarter of his class, who intends to go to college. It was actually written, however, to include the entire upper 50 per cent of the class.

When asked if everyone should be taught physics, Zacharias points out that he's familiar with Shakespeare and conversant with Mozart even though he's a scientist. He seems to say to the humanists, "I know your world. Why don't you learn your way around mine?" Moreover, he asks, with a disarming shrug that seems to shift the burden of reply onto his audience, "Why deny a child, in an age that is scientific, whether we like it or not, the opportunity to be scientifically literate?" In explaining his own interest in physics he confesses, "I only got interested in learning with a capital L when I found out that physics was something you could do."

ONE question that was hard for the committee to decide was whether the course should require one year or two years. They finally decided a one-year course would do least violence to the educational system, although a combination chemistry-and-physics two-year course would have undoubtedly been better.

The endless meetings and correspondence then began. Fortunately, there was plenty of money, supplied by the National Science Foundation, the Ford Foundation, the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, and other organizations. In cold cash, the course cost, according to Dr. Zacharias, "between one and two million dollars a year, depending on how you cost-account the training and retraining of teachers."

The raw materials used to achieve the committee's aims are a textbook, laboratory manuals, and a teachers' guide (all published by D. C. Heath and Company); special laboratory apparatus (by the Macalester Bicknell Company); sixty coordinated films (distributed by Modern Talking Picture Services, Inc.); written tests (prepared by the Educational Testing Service), and a series of paperbound books (published by Doubleday-Anchor Books and distributed to secondary schools by Wesleyan University Press).

Obviously there has been no dearth of talent, ranging from top names in scientific, educational, and industrial circles (such as MIT's James R. Killian, the University of Chicago's Francis S. Chase, Notre Dame's President Theodore Hesburgh, and CBS's Frank Stanton) to the literally thousands of high school teachers who have attended meetings and seminars, criticized drafts of the textbooks, formed the pool for feedback on all the laboratory apparatus, films, and teachers' guides, and continue to report to the PSSC on what they and their students find is right and wrong about the course. The hope is that the revision of materials will be a never-ending process.

While no course is going to be much better than the teacher, the unfortunate stereotype of the high school physics teacher is the basketball coach who never took physics himself. The stereotype is by no means accurate, but it is true that 40 per cent of the men and women teaching science in high school have had less than thirty hours of college credit in their subject, and physics is at the bottom of the list.

Dr. Zacharias makes the point that a poor teacher teaching a poor course is far worse than a poor teacher teaching a good course. The committee believes that the teachers' guides, the laboratory manuals, and the sixty excellent films starring leading scientists are allies that make even a poor physics teacher a pretty good one by the end of the year.

The new physics course is harder for both the student and the teacher. For one thing, it attempts to teach students how to reason, how to think. Unlike former courses, it is not based on cut-and-dried, cookbook experiments in which a student with literally no knowledge of physics can read the directions and run a perfect lab test to get a predetermined "correct" result. Instead, the new course is based very largely on laboratory work that requires ingenuity, curiosity, and a grasp of basic concepts. Many teachers who participated in the pilot testing for the past four years claim they never worked so hard in their lives.

Although Zacharias is the first to admit that the new course shouldn't be regarded as *the* physics course and hopes there will be others to follow, he is justifiably proud of the changes he and his colleagues have wrought. Besides its novel orientation as a cultural pursuit, the new course also differs from most older courses in that the order does not follow the chronology of discovery.

FOR instance, the conventional attempt to require the memorization of Newton's three laws of motion is eliminated. Instead, the student is led through experiments in the more familiar, less abstract, world of optics to understand the first principles of mechanics as well as the interplay among experiment, law, and model that characterizes physics. Then, taking a more dynamic view, the student is led with simple laboratory apparatus to discover Newton's law of motion, and to predict motion when forces are known and to determine forces when motions are known. He is now ready to follow and appreciate Newton's astonishing leap from the known laws of motion to the law of gravitational attraction.

Throughout the course, the usual compartmentalization is strenuously avoided. The subject of light, for instance, is not disposed of at one time, but reappears in progressively greater depth as the student's general understanding deepens.

In devising the new course, the committee was very much aware of another relation between mind and matter—this time the matter was money. It's always difficult to get a new course adopted. Even if political roadblocks and the reluctance to throw out what has seemed to work well for decades can be brushed aside, there is still the problem of cost. The committee purposely designed the course to be as flexible as possible where cost was concerned. The films, for instance, are correlated with standard textbooks as well and are available by subscription or purchase on a selective basis. Though the lab equipment can be

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bought in kits, it is made of such simple things as old storage batteries and soda straws. Students can make their own equipment. Indeed, they are encouraged to. The paperback books, which Doubleday is adding to yearly, sell for only sixty-five cents apiece on minimum school orders (ninety-five cents in bookstores). The interested student can follow the subjects the committee decided to drop or go further than the class in his special interest.

Although praise for the new course is nearly unanimous, there are some dissidents and quite a few wait-and-sees.

Some college physics teachers would like to rearrange the content. For instance, they say that the early introduction to waves and optics isn't sequential. It was put in early, says Zacharias, to interest the girls, who are now outnumbered about eight to one in the physics classes.

Others are disappointed that certain topics, such as the physics of sound, were not included. Though the PSSC suggests that the interested student can pick them up in the paperback series, such a do-it-yourself approach can be of value only to the brighter student.

Objections have been voiced to the committee's stand that higher mathematics is not needed for this course. The objectors maintain that an acquaintance with abstract numbers may not be absolutely essential, but it would certainly insure a greater return for the student. Zacharias claims he could teach the parts involving motion and calculus to a ten-year-old child in Equatorial Africa who had never heard of logarithms. He probably could, though that doesn't quite meet the objection.

SOME say the typical teacher, carrying two or more subjects for a total of twenty-five periods a week, along with other responsibilities that have nothing to do with teaching, see the risks as large and the rewards as few. This undoubtedly is going to prevent some schools from adopting the new course. On the other hand, the summer workshops, arranged jointly by the National Science Foundation and the PSSC, and the in-service training classes given on weekends and at night, are oversubscribed.

One brave physics professor may also have been voicing what others were too timid to say when he wrote: "I would surmise that the work of the PSSC and other comparable organizations would be received with much better grace if it were accompanied with a larger element of humility." He also

(*Continued on page* 65)

JOINT ACTION IN IVIED HALLS

By PETER SCHRAG, *assistant secretary, Amherst College, who in this article describes one solution to the uneconomic duplication of faculties and facilities among our institutions of higher learning.*

INDEPENDENT colleges have long been just that—independent, autonomous, and genteelly competitive. But pressures of space, money, and teachers are forcing a radical change in traditional attitudes. In many academic areas competition between neighboring institutions no longer makes sense either economically or educationally. There are more than enough students to go around—and very often not enough teachers. As a result, cooperation among colleges and universities is becoming increasingly common.

Since 1958 the Big Ten universities have been cooperating in developing expensive research facilities on different campuses in a variety of graduate fields, to which all have access in common. Twelve liberal arts colleges in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan recently announced formation of the Great Lakes College Association to promote extensive cooperation for strengthening their educational programs. Many states have set up coordinating bodies to stimulate cooperation among the institutions within their borders. All of these, and many others, are examples of a relatively new and significant trend in American higher education.

Another example of cooperative effort in education has been developing since 1955 among three small liberal arts colleges and one fairly large university located within a five-mile radius of Hadley, Massachusetts, in the Connecticut River valley. The four include the University of Massachusetts with 6,500 students, two women's colleges —Smith with 2,200 students and Mount Holyoke with 1,400—and a men's college, Amherst, with an enrollment of 1,000. These four neighboring colleges, by their cooperative efforts, are gradually converting their individual institutions into a genuine educational community—without losing their separate identities.

Historically the four colleges have always been friendly—not only on Saturday nights but at unexpected moments when the sudden resignation of a teacher left no one to take a class in Oriental history or Renaissance art. At such times a college has usually been able to call on its neighbors for a loan until a new man could be found. The University of Massachusetts itself was founded on the initiative of an Amherst chemistry professor; and Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke, spent many hours with Amherst's Professor and President-to-be Edward Hitchcock (1845-54) getting advice and encouragement for the "female seminary" she was then planning.

In 1955 a committee of faculty members from the four colleges sat down to consider ways in which they could cooperate more closely. The committee —and its successors—felt that with the impending shortage of teachers four neighboring colleges could ill afford duplication in such marginal areas as advanced astronomy, the history of science, advanced Russian, the collections of audio-visual materials, and the maintenance of specialized teaching and research equipment.

The committee was encouraged by the success of one formal cooperative venture that was already in operation —the Hampshire Inter-Library Center, a common depository of rarely used books and periodicals such as the *Economic Record* of Melbourne, the *Arkiv foer matematik, astronomi och fysik,* the *Reallexicon der Assyriologiex,* and hundreds of others. The center, now housed in its own wing at the University's new Goodell Library, can be used by undergraduates and faculty members by applying to their own libraries. A messenger service delivers books twice a week. HILC made it possible to sell off duplicate sets of seldom used publications and thus to purchase additional material not available at any of the four institutions.

As a result of the committee's recommendations, a coordinator of cooperative college projects was appointed

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—*Amherst College.*

"Joint courses and joint faculty appointments are flourishing."

in 1957. The man chosen was Sidney R. Packard, professor of history at Smith, a graduate of Amherst, who is married to an alumna of Mount Holyoke. As coordinator, Professor Packard is a combination of dean, devil's advocate, and diplomat. It has often been hard to get agreement from one college president on a project—let alone four. Each had a pet project and rarely have all four been enthusiastic about the same one. Yet they were able to agree on many ventures and sometimes the institution that was least interested in a particular proposal has become its greatest beneficiary.

But perhaps the major difficulty was what Professor Packard calls "academic nationalism"—the conscious or unconscious fear that collaboration with other colleges may jeopardize the unique features of any particular institution. This fear results from the awareness that an institution has its own characteristics; concern lest the merger of even small departments may amalgamate some of these features out of existence; the conviction that the existence of a particular course in a particular field of instruction cannot be justified simply by the number of students it attracts.

Originally it was assumed that formal and systematic exchange of students was impossible; the four colleges used different grading systems and different schedules. "The four colleges," said Professor Packard, "don't even eat lunch at the same time." Since he made that statement no change has been made in the grading system—or in the lunch hours—but 645 students have taken at least one course on a campus other than their own. "The grading problem turned out to be no problem at all," says Professor Packard. "We simply turned the thing over to the registrars and let them translate the grades. Scheduling is still a problem but not as serious a one as we thought."

Students who take courses at a neighboring campus are generally allowed to do so only when the same course is not available at home—some go to Smith for music and fine arts, others to Amherst for certain courses in religion or history, to Mount Holyoke for Middle East studies, or to the University for sociology. A student at the University majored in Russian by taking courses at Smith; neither the courses nor the major was available on the home campus. A Smith major in botany took a course at the University which was essential for her major; it was not given at Smith in her senior year.

Although academic nationalism is still entrenched in certain areas, many barriers between the institutions have been broken. A year ago a joint astronomy department was created; students still take elementary courses on their own campuses; for advanced courses they may have to move. As a result of the new department the colleges have been able to hire specialists they could never have afforded for themselves. Their course offerings now include "Celestial Mechanics," "Double Stars," "Galactic Structure," and "Astrophysics." With the new arrangement members of the department can spend some of the winter months that are crucial to certain astronomical observations at places like Kitt Peak in Arizona carrying out observations and other research.

Attempts to merge other small departments have so far been unsuccessful but joint courses and joint faculty appointments are flourishing. A seminar in philosophy meets alternate weeks at Smith and Amherst; a historian of science shuttles among campuses to give his courses and, this year for the first time, a four-college area studies program has been created under a Ford Foundation grant to the four institutions. Funds from the grant are being used for instruction—including three new courses—for books and for visiting lecturers.

The extent to which the barriers are breaking down is demonstrated by the fact that even departments that are not formally cooperating frequently consult in making new appointments to avoid as much overlap as possible. There is no need to get a specialist in a certain restricted field at Smith if one already exists at Mount Holyoke or the University.

"None of these arrangements is perfect," Professor Packard says. "Some small departments are still unenthusiastic about them. But the astronomy arrangement is better than anything we ever had before; in the history of science we got a first-rate person. Perhaps in a few years we can start Oriental languages."

In the process of establishing cooperation the colleges have taken a variety of steps:

►Establishment of a joint graduate faculty and Ph.D. program. Doctorates are conferred by the University on behalf of all four colleges, but students can work on any campus provided the man who supervises that work is affiliated with the joint graduate faculty. So far that faculty includes only the biological sciences and chemistry; only those departments have as yet chosen to join in the program.

►Creation of a joint FM radio station—WFCR—linked with the Educational Radio Network. A new corporation, Western Massachusetts Broadcasting Council, representing the four institutions, began operation of a 15,000-watt transmitter last spring. The fare includes educational and cultural programming.

►Plans for the establishment of a four-college film center, a depository of film strips and other material.

►Publication of a joint calendar of events open to the general public; collaboration between lecture committees in the planning of appearances by outside speakers and coordination of administrative matters through regular meetings of deans, treasurers, business managers, and department chairmen.

Cooperation is now extending beyond the campuses into the general community; college departments have begun to work with corresponding

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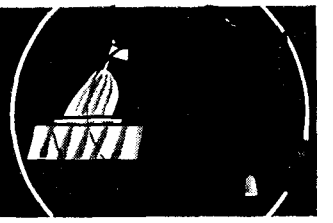
While School Keeps



PLAN AHEAD! is the advice given the nation's private liberal arts colleges in a new publication by a leading expert on college finance. Sidney G. Tickton, in "Needed: A Ten Year College Budget" (Fund for the Advancement of Education, 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22, Free), describes the changing world of higher education and prescribes the action necessary for institutional survival. Colleges, he says, are not businesses, and do not conduct themselves as commercial enterprises, but they are still subject to the universal principles of good business management. When they incur big deficits and depend upon charitable contributions to cover the operating losses, they are courting disaster. Some of the weaker colleges and universities will refuse to face the changing reality of today, he believes, and "will pass from the scene as separate private institutions during the next ten or twenty years." For those ready and willing to meet the future on its own terms he offers detailed instructions, including do-it-yourself worksheets, for long-term self-study and planning.

Publication of Mr. Tickton's guide to a solvent future in higher education followed by one day the Ford Foundation's announcement that it has set aside $100 million to be offered, during the next two years, to private liberal arts colleges on a matching basis. Over $13,000,000 has already been granted to eight colleges, Carleton, Goucher, Grinnell, Hofstra, Reed, Swarthmore, Wabash, and Wellesley. The grants are unrestricted, but have been made to colleges that have already completed long-term plans.

SOUTHERN SCHOOLS, as they opened this fall, continued the slow pace of desegregation that has marked their response to the Supreme Court's 1954 order. There can be little joy in either North or South over the picture that emerges, though it is heartening that both Atlanta and Dallas broke the color line without repeating the irrationality of some other Southern cities.

Of the 6,663 school districts in the seventeen Southern states and the District of Columbia, 2,880 have both white and Negro children of school age. Forty-five of these biracial districts admitted at least token numbers of Negro students to white schools for the first time this fall, to bring the total of desegregated districts to 826. The percentage of Negro students attending desegregated schools remains appallingly low, however, and the schools in Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina remain wholly segregated.

Perhaps more important than the actual events of last month are the patterns of the future that begin to come clear. Of the forty-five districts that desegregated, only twelve did so under court order—thirty-three opened their white schools to Negro pupils voluntarily. There are a number of reasons why Southern communities should, after years of resistance and delay, give up the fight for segregated schools voluntarily. First, is the sure awareness that "massive resistance" is dead—except as a mere delaying tactic. Recourse to the courts can have only one result—defeat. Given a foreordained decision, the simple dollars-and-cents cost of court action becomes important to many small communities.

The well-publicized experience of Little Rock, New Orleans, and a host of smaller communities has also left its mark. Growing public sentiment against closing the schools, even temporarily, has strengthened the hand of moderate politicians who would avoid the bitter divisiveness of an all-out fight. And finally, there is the starkly practical issue of local control over the nature and speed of desegregation. Communities that desegregate voluntarily are generally allowed to do so in their own way. Once the issue is taken to court, control over the process passes out of the hands of the community and the resulting change almost always moves farther and faster than otherwise.

LEARNING MORE about how knowledge is acquired and remembered is the object of a new Center for Human Learning opening this fall on the University of California's Berkeley campus. Initial support from the National Science Foundation will provide labs, equipment, and assistants for scholars from psychology, speech, education, and philosophy who will pursue a variety of inquiries related to human learning. Among the topics slated for early exploration at the Center are an analysis of the memory process, the way humans learn to discriminate among various qualities and quantities, and problems of language learning.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL in Florida is so popular with parents that babies not yet born are being registered for the first grade in 1968. West Laboratory Elementary School in Coral Gables is an experimental school set up seven years ago as a joint venture of the Dade County school system and the University of Miami to put into practice new teaching and learning techniques. Students are drawn from all over the county and are enrolled on a first-come-first-served basis. The school has 425 students and a waiting list of 200 for each of its six grades, according to the Miami *Herald*. There are two classes of students in each grade, grouped by achievement in individual subjects. The two teachers at each grade level work as a team.

One experimental program for which

DESEGREGATION IN SOUTHERN SCHOOLS

STATE	Total Districts	Number Biracial	Desegregating This Fall	Total Desegregated
Alabama	114	114	0	0
Arkansas	422	228	0	10
Delaware	92	92	6	30
District of Columbia	1	1	0	1
Florida	67	67	3	4
Georgia	198	196	1	1
Kentucky	211	172	1	131
Louisiana	67	67	0	1
Maryland	24	23	0	23
Mississippi	151	151	0	0
Missouri	1,889	214 (Est.)	0	200 (Est.)
North Carolina	173	173	1	11
Oklahoma	1,276	240	0	190
South Carolina	108	108	0	0
Tennessee	154	143	6	13
Texas	1,531	720	19	149
Virginia	130	128	8	19
West Virginia	55	43	0	43
Totals	6,663	2,880	45	826

Source: *Southern Education Reporting Service*

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West Lab has been a proving ground is a "listening project." Given the large place listening has in the learning process, "it's amazing how little time we spend on learning to listen with a purpose and with intensity," says Principal Glenn Thomas. A variety of drills and tests are used to increase the students' power to listen accurately. The popularity of the school indicates that parents believe their children learn faster and better under the experimental programs, and year-end surveys show that most teachers and students agree.

DOCTORAL CANDIDATES in education are declining sharply in number while the number of Ph.D. students in other subject areas is increasing steadily. According to Dr. Maynard Bemis, executive secretary of Phi Delta Kappa, professional education fraternity, the number of students pursuing doctorates in education dropped from 2,052 in 1958 to 1,940 in 1959, and decreased another 23 per cent to 1,516 in 1960.

Reasons for the sharp decline in popularity of graduate study in education are doubtless varied. Dr. Bemis points out the disparity in graduate fellowships awarded students in education and in other areas of study. A recent publication of the U.S. Office of Education, "Doctoral Study, Fellowships and Capacity of Graduate Schools" (Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, 45 cents), reports that 139 doctorate-granting institutions in 1959-60 awarded graduate fellowships with a total value of over $35,000,000. Of these, over 40 per cent went to mathematics, engineering, and the physical sciences; slightly less than 19 per cent each to the biological and social sciences; about 16 per cent to the humanities; and 5 per cent to education. Bemis suspects that graduate students are forsaking study in education in order to take advantage of generous grants and fellowships available in other fields.

Dr. Francis S. Chase, dean of the University of Chicago's graduate school of education, on the other hand, was recently quoted in the New York *Times* as saying that "perhaps there is not enough intellectual bite in some institutions' education courses" to attract quality students. "We cannot expect people to embark on expensive graduate training if it is not strong enough."

ADULT STUDENTS are becoming more common in the nation's classrooms, but the problems they face don't change. Recapturing the art and technique of study is, for many, the most difficult of all. Beyond this, mature students have difficulty in fitting their study hours into the adult world and in making the best use of their accumulated knowledge and experience in the academic world. A recent publication by the National Association of Public School Adult Educators, "How Adults Can Learn More—Faster" (NAPSAE, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., 50 cents), is a helpful guide to adjusting to the new responsibilities of classroom and campus.

OPTIMUM CLASS SIZE has been the subject of widespread but inconclusive research. There is little empirical evidence that the quality of learning is affected materially by the size of the group in which it takes place. The paucity of evidence, however, does not prevent strong convictions on the subject by both teachers and laymen. In the current Teacher Opinion Poll of the National Education Association, 20 per cent of the teachers claim that "fewer than twenty" is the best class size for most elementary school classes, 53 per cent hold out for twenty to twenty-four in a class, and 26 per cent see twenty-five to twenty-nine as the ideal size. Clearly, in today's crowded classrooms, any "best size" is likely to be a compromise between the ideal and the possible. And until we have much fuller and more sophisticated evidence concerning the effect of the size of the group on learning in various subject areas, for different age groups, among different kinds of children, common sense and the experience of professional teachers are our best guides. But any adult who has tried to cope with a sizable group of third-grade moppets in a classroom—or at a birthday party—must wonder about the mental health of the masochistic 2 per cent of teachers who *prefer* more than thirty pupils in their classes.

Meanwhile, according to the reports of the teachers polled, less than half have fewer than thirty pupils in their classes, 31 per cent have thirty to thirty-four, nearly 15 per cent have thirty-five to thirty-nine, and more than 6 per cent have forty or more.

A COMMITTEE HAS been appointed by the American Association of School Administrators to explore the role of philanthropic foundations in education. Meeting for the first time this fall, the committee will attempt to determine "the most desirable and effective relationships that should exist between school administrators and the foundations, ethical procedures for administrators applying for grants, and ethical procedures for foundations in making grants." According to present plans the final policy statement will trace the emergence of foundations in education and give information about the nature and purposes of individual institutions. A thoroughgoing and objective study of the role and influence of foundations in education could be very useful, but the AASA's announcement does not make clear whether it is prepared to do the full job of analysis and reporting that is needed.

THE NATIONAL STUDENT ASSOCIATION meeting, held in late summer at Madison, Wisconsin, received nationwide attention because the liberal orientation of the organization was loudly challenged by a relatively small group of fluent, well-organized representatives of right-wing campus organizations. Moderate liberals retained control of the organization handily and pursued their special interest in issues such as civil rights, the Peace Corps, and the threat of nuclear warfare.

The Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, on the other hand, reports that sentiment at its summer workshop indicates "a strong trend toward conservatism" on CASC campuses. William F. Buckley, Jr., was a featured speaker at the workshop, and an opinion poll asked participants to record what they thought to be the majority student opinion on their campuses. Sample result of the poll: "More than 90 per cent agreement that student opinion on their campuses would support the action of a president who 'fired a teacher who advocated and actively practiced Communism.'" One is left to speculate on just how a college professor might go about "actively practicing Communism" on an American college campus in 1961.

There may also be some question about how accurately the workshop participants represented student opinion on their respective campuses, since fifty-one of them were student leaders, fifty-two were deans of students, and thirty-three were college presidents. Prospective donors are probably safe in assuming, however, that students at the small (average enrollment: 500), mostly church-related CASC colleges are 90 per cent anti-Communist.

—James Cass.

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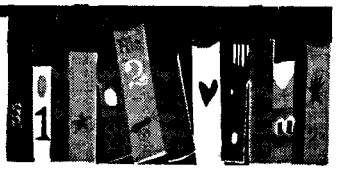
the Editor's Bookshelf



"CAMPUS USA," by David Boroff (Harper, 210 pp., $4.50), is a collection of intimate portraits of American colleges, presented in lively style by an acute observer of the campus scene. Readers will have seen some of them in magazines but the book includes a new introduction titled "What the Catalogues Never Tell You" and a perceptive concluding chapter in which the author sums up his impressions of higher education in 1961.

This is the only book of its kind and the kind is badly needed, because it provides information that is hard to come by. Any college catalogue can tell you that the college "is located on a hill providing a commanding view of the countryside," that "the climate is conducive to study," and that the size "is large enough to provide adequate facilities and a wide selection of courses and yet small enough to provide an intimate environment for learning." It gives the basic fees and some information about student housing. It lists the degrees of the professors and provides descriptions of the courses (which the professors who teach them never seem to have read). But if student morale is bad, the intellectual tone is low, the dropout rate is 50 per cent, and the faculty turnover is high, or if the students are snobbish, narrow, or provincial, the writer of a catalogue can hardly be expected to dwell upon these facts.

In addition to the catalogues of individual colleges there are many useful handbooks that give the basic facts and statistics about all higher institutions. Once a prospective student has learned to interpret the symbols (used in an effort to save space), he can discover that Siwash is a "fully accredited," coeducational, nondenominational, private college, located in a city of 55,000. It enrolls 2,200 students and has a faculty of 170, 43 per cent of whom hold earned doctorates. The endowment is $8,000,000 and there are 186,000 books in the library. Total costs to the student average $1,800 of which $900 is tuition. Students are selected on the basis of "high school grades, test scores, and personality." The college requires candidates for admission to take college boards (but fails to say what scores are necessary). "Preference is given to students ranking in the upper fourth of their high school classes," but the handbook doesn't say how many of those actually admitted have lower grades.

All this is helpful but it is only a small part of what the prospective student wants to know. Are the professors competent teachers of undergraduates? Are the students bearded beatniks, playboys with convertibles, junior organization men, studious grinds, or searchers for the truth? Does a brilliant student, an intellectual maverick, or one of high artistic talent feel comfortable there? If a student prefers not to join a fraternity—or is not invited to join—will he feel left out of things? Does anyone read those 186,000 books? Are students treated as adults or as irresponsible children? Must a student hide behind the bushes if he wants to smoke a cigarette? These are the things that neither catalogues nor handbooks ever tell us.

BOROFF bypasses most of the statistics and sets out to discover the personality of a college. He spends some time on the campus talking with presidents, deans, and professors but spends more time with students because he has discovered that "the institutional personality may not be identical with the official philosophy of a college; it may even run counter to it. But it's what counts. It counts because each generation of college students transmits it to the next. It's *their* culture — not the professor's — and unconsciously they protect it as jealously as any group protects its heritage." Boroff observes students in class, in the dormitories or fraternity houses, at undergraduate parties (where some of them have drunk enough to talk freely), and in the stadium. He notes what they talk about when the professors are not listening and what they think of the president, the faculty, and their classmates.

Boroff has a sharp eye for the fine detail. He notes that "Pomona and Scripps girls have one thing in common: the California girl's firm handshake and the tendency to talk first in social contact," that coeds at the University of Wisconsin are "coolly marriage conscious" and that the Smith College girl "emerges fully accoutered to rout the forces of darkness in the suburban community in which she will ultimately settle."

He finds that the Swarthmore personality "is at once bookish yet high-spirited; Quaker yet mundane, with that heavy overlay of sophistication only the young can muster . . ." and that "when Harvard is not being restrained and correct, it is ironic—as if it had a sense of the absurdity of some of its own postures." But, while he reports the stereotypes, Boroff also makes it clear that a very wide range of personalities may be found on a single campus.

All this is highly subjective and social scientists may be troubled about the possible "sampling error" for Boroff obviously can't interview all the students on a campus. But the prospective student who reads *"Campus USA"* will know much more about what a college is really like than he can discover by reading what the colleges say about themselves.

This is a fascinating book and we have only one complaint—it doesn't cover enough colleges. If Boroff will spend the next twenty years reporting on other colleges, large and small, rich and poor, urban and rural, East and West, he will have made an important contribution to our understanding of the vast diversity of higher education in America. By that time the colleges will have changed dramatically and he can start the rounds again.

"Paradox and Promise," by Harry S. Broudy (Prentice-Hall, 176 pp. $1.95), is a collection of urbane essays on American life and education by a professor of educational philosophy at the University of Illinois. Broudy's style is smooth and uncluttered; his views are those of a mature man with a broad view of education who observes and comments on the educational battles of the day but prefers not to become too deeply involved in them. His writing already is well known to professional educators but he deserves a wider audience.

MANY bright high school students are ready for college-level work during their junior and senior years. And, although college professors are sometimes loath to admit it, the faculties of many American high schools include some individuals who are well qualified to offer courses at the college level; frequently they not only hold advanced degrees but are more mature and more highly skilled as teachers than some of the instructors who teach freshmen and sophomores in the universities.

These facts provide the basis for

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the Advanced Placement Programs under which higher institutions grant credit toward college degrees for high school courses in analytic geometry, calculus, advanced foreign languages, and history and literature of a kind more sophisticated than the ones usually taught in high school. Elizabeth Paschal's **"Encouraging the Excellent"** (Fund for the Advancement of Education, 80 pp., free), which appeared a year ago, describes some of these programs as well as other programs designed especially for gifted and talented students.

"The American High School and the Talented Student," by Frank O. Copley (University of Michigan Press, 92 pp., $3.95), is a new book that describes advanced placement programs and also suggests other ways in which any high school, large or small, can better provide for its superior students without neglecting the less able. Copley, who served as high school consultant for the Honors Council at the University of Michigan also provides a thoughtful analysis of the educational philosophies underlying acceleration, enrichment, ability grouping, and other approaches to the problems brought to the schools by the stubborn facts of individual differences in learning capacity.

IN many communities, the development of special programs for the gifted and talented has been seriously impeded by fears that any special attention to the more able students will lead to the development of an "intellectual elite." Copley vigorously rejects this view. He says, "The charge that the Advanced Placement Program is undemocratic because it grants a special privilege to a limited group of students is rapidly becoming a rather battered bogeyman, whose ghost should be laid to rest. It is no more undemocratic to recognize and reward superior intellectual ability than it is to recognize and reward athletic prowess or musical talent. Democracy demands not parity of experience but equality of opportunity; it requires that every individual be given an equal chance for full personal development, for only thus can he adequately and properly serve the society of which he is a member. The talented student who does not have opportunity to join a high-level ability group, an honors program, or an Advanced Placement course is receiving less than his full democratic heritage. These are not "special privileges" granted to a "privileged" class of students; they are the right, and at the same time the very heavy responsibility, of a group of young people whose services to society are certain to be of the highest value."

—P.W.

From *Campus U.S.A.*

". . . Each college or university has a personality. Anybody who has spent time at a college knows it, feels it, but can't always define it."

"Some schools are friendly, others are cold. In some the intellectual life flourishes; in others the intellectual life has to fight for its existence. There are fraternity schools and bohemian schools, rural and urban, religious and militantly secular. And there are those colleges—more interesting than most—in which many of these tendencies are complexly intertwined, and the student must define himself as he unravels the twisted strands."

". . . The trick is not simply to match the college and the student—a dull, gray, compatible marriage. There is a lot to be said for conflict, polarity, opposition. Out of rugged encounter comes intellectual and moral muscle. A certain kind of rural boy or girl may well profit from a sophisticated urban college. And a New York City provincial can achieve undreamed of breakthroughs by living in a small town or rural school."

"In making the rounds, I was struck by the fact that schools divide into two kinds: those which we might call adolescent reservations, fenced off from serious adult concerns, and those which represent a transition to adulthood."

"One can hardly resist the fantasy of shuffling the elements of some of the schools. Birmingham-Southern could learn from some of Brooklyn College's intellectually bellicose kids, just as Brooklyn could profit from BSC's relaxed rhythms. Wisconsin's hurly-burly of farmer's sons and storekeeper's daughters might dilute Harvard's tendency toward preciousness. There should be an infusion of Claremont's rugged optimism about higher education in boards of trustees all around the country."

"It is important to remember that a university's reputation is usually based on its graduate schools, not on the quality of undergraduate instruction. Few people know this—except disgruntled undergraduates—for the great universities keep their reputations golden through research breakthroughs, Big Names, and books, books, books. What takes place in freshman composition or World Civilization is of less moment."

"There is little doubt that the teacher-student ratio has been a sacred cow. The former president of Fisk University once observed that without a superior teacher, 'The small class merely assures the transmission of mediocrity in an intimate environment.' Available evidence suggests that mere size of class has little influence on educational efficiency."

"The academic profession would do well to give up its guerilla warfare against change. (Academicians present the paradox of being liberals politically but die-hard conservatives professionally.)"

"The effectiveness of teaching varies inversely with the level. High school teachers are usually more skilful as teachers—not as scholars—than college teachers. Undergraduate instruction tends to be better than graduate teaching."

"College faculties should be shaken up a little. Intramural warfare notwithstanding, life is too easy for many. There are the ineluctable corruptions of teaching: the too-quick dominion over students' minds, the sleazy ominscience, the sacerdotal aura of the lectern. It would be wise to have more faculty seminars, and teams of teachers handling the same class in active opposition to each other. All too often it is considered bad taste for professors to discuss ideas—they are inherently monologists—and some faculty dining rooms have the starchy chattiness of a British officers' mess."

—David Boroff.

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BOOK REVIEW

Defender of the Status Quo

"American Education: Fact, Fancies, and Folklore," *by Raymond P. Harris (Random House. 302 pp. $5), is a reply to those who have been critical of American education by an educator who believes that our schools are doing a fine job right now. Mortimer Smith, who reviews the book, is executive director of the Council for Basic Education and editor of its Bulletin.*

By Mortimer Smith

IN THE face of the present national mood for change in education many schoolmen tend to be defensive about the purposes of education and the efficiency of schools. Not so the author of this book, the director of secondary education for the schools of Mount Vernon, New York. Mr. Harris has looked on his educational world and found it good—nay, perfect. He contends that the schools have been doing a fine job right along and that their critics are wrong on every count. As a complete apologia for things-as-they-are, this is an honest and unequivocal book. At a time when so many schoolmen are suggesting that critics and criticized are all brothers under the skin, it serves the very useful purpose of pointing up the fact that there *are* conflicting philosophies of education contending for the attention and support of the patrons of schools.

Mr. Harris's own set of beliefs, which derive perhaps more from Kilpatrick than from Dewey, would satisfy the most orthodox educationist doctrine of the 1930s and 1940s. Some of these beliefs, it is true, are merely clichés (who would deny the fact of individual differences, or that understanding and consideration are more effective than harshness in dealing with children?), but the others constitute the very citadel of Educationism which the critics are now storming.

He defends a variety of notions the validity of which the critics vehemently deny: fixed standards are an evil; there is no common body of knowledge that can be transmitted to the majority of students; accomplishment in the academic subjects is beyond the ability of an unspecified but presumably large number of students; personal and family problems are a legitimate part not only of the school's concern but of its curriculum; there is a science known as Education and only those who have been exposed to it in "professional" courses are qualified to teach or are even entitled to have anything more than the most tentative opinions about the schools; and, above all, more money will automatically produce better schools. (One might point out that California, which for a long time has had approximately the kind of education Mr. Harris admires, ranks second nationally in amount spent per pupil on education, yet in no state in the union has there been greater public dissatisfaction with the quality of education. One would suppose that more money *per se* is not the solution, but more money for the right things.)

After stating these beliefs Mr. Harris attempts to prove—unfortunately, for a man who accuses the critics of unsupported generalizations, he does so with a dearth of statistical or any other kind of evidence—that under this prevailing philosophy of education our schools have flourished. The fundamentals, says he, are taught and learned better than ever before, slow learners achieve more, the average student does better, and the bright "enjoy the most favorable situation" of all—and these things happen because today's teachers "know more about teaching and about their subjects than ever before." (Mr. Harris will undoubtedly be surprised to read the recent statement of U.S. Commissioner of Education Sterling McMurrin that "it is a national scandal that large numbers of our teachers are inadequately prepared in the subject matter they teach.")

Whether or not Mr. Harris's contention is correct that the schools of today

are better than those of yesteryear is impossible to prove and constitutes a fruitless argument anyway. The important point is that they *ought* to be better. Today most children go to school longer, are housed in better buildings, taught by teachers who have had a much longer period of preparation, and the amount spent on their education, even allowing for inflation, is many times greater than it was in 1910.

Whatever the flaws in Mr. Harris's view of educational matters, it is honestly held and argued. The weakest part of the book is his attack on the critics. These he accuses of all sorts of reprehensible things, stating that they are interested only in an elite, that they have never been inside classrooms, that they want to return to education as it was fifty years ago, that they perpetuate fancy and folklore about education, and so on and so on, but strangely enough, he never specifically names a single critic nor does he once quote directly from anything a critic has said. The names of Bestor, Clapp, Hutchins, Lynd, and Rickover appear nowhere in the book, nor do the names of Bagley and Kandel or other early critics among the professional brethren. In fact, the index shows that in the entire book only four individuals are cited, an exclusive company consisting of Stephen Crane, Emerson, Shakespeare, and S. Norman Feingold. One cannot help but feel that Mr. Harris's anonymous critics are part of his own fancy and folklore and that he has found it easier to demolish straw men than to answer flesh-and-blood critics.

Mr. Harris puts up a valiant opposition to the rapidly accelerating demand for change which the critics have sparked, but one suspects that his is a doomed rear-guard action. The public, which ultimately determines what goes on in schools, seems to be in the process of deciding that there are very serious flaws in the kind of education which Mr. Harris describes in such glowing terms.

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A Jesuit on Liberal Arts

ROBERT I. GANNON, S.J., former president of Fordham University, has written a wise, witty, and urbane memoir of his fifty years in higher education—as a student, teacher, dean, and college president ("The Poor Old Liberal Arts," Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 207 pp. $4).

It is a highly personal document, but Father Gannon never once uses the vertical personal pronoun. Instead he sits back and takes a somewhat detached look at himself in various stages of his career, referring to himself as "the young man," "our undergraduate," "the incorrigible dean," and so on.

Although it is essentially a memoir, Father Gannon's book has a central theme—a lament that "the poor old liberal arts" have been "in strategic retreat" for the past fifty years. It defends the need for a truly liberal education, particularly in a science-oriented world, and spells out the ingredients of such an education (heavy emphasis on the humanities, with philosophy as "the great coordinator"). He contends that American colleges and universities have de-emphasized the value of the liberal arts, and he does not exempt the Jesuit colleges from this criticism.

Father Gannon might be described as an "old-fashioned" educator, but only in the sense that he sounds like a twentieth-century Renaissance man. (He reports, for example, that on his first day as president of Fordham he was shown a fortune in football equipment, and said a prayer under his breath "that the inventory of the library would be equally overwhelming.") To borrow a term from the Renaissance era, Father Gannon truly seems like *l'uomo universale*, the all-around man.

The book is full of pungent observations. Among them:

ON STUDENTS: "Educators in general do not realize the potentiality for work that exists in every pleasure-loving American boy with brains enough to deserve a college education. He may groan and weep and exercise ingenuity worthy of a better cause to avoid exerting himself. But if from the start he knows that the faculty means business . . . he ends up by *taking* twice as much education (nobody can *give* him an education) as one would expect."

ON THE GOALS OF EDUCATION: "The Founding Fathers could not have understood the mass education of today any more than they could our mass production in Detroit. Still less could they have grasped the modern failure to distinguish between the process of making a machine and the process of making a man."

ON THE ENROLLMENT PROBLEM: "It has been a normal condition of American colleges for years that one-third of the so-called students were in the way, cluttering up the place and interfering with other people's progress. If more room is needed to take care of the expected population boom from postwar babies, it can be created in good part by clearing out the useless lumber that is already on the campuses."

ON COLLEGE PRESIDENTS: "Fifty years ago the presidents of our older institutions were dignified and scholarly men in immediate contact with their handful of pre-war students. Now we have to find the type that can stay out late and wake up cheerful on the alkaline side, eat rich food and keep the figure down, shake hands like a Rotarian, pass the tambourine and keep the peace among hundreds of faculty members—when and if he happens to meet them."

ON THE IMPACT OF WORLD WAR II: "It all seemed such a pity. Just at the time when thoughtful educators were beginning to bring some order into American universities, and even the public was beginning to see the point; when life was returning to the teaching of the liberal arts and an appetite for something beyond facts was developing in American students, when hard-headed employers were beginning to take an interest in the intangibles of a cultured boy—along came a war and shifted all the emphasis back to machines again."

ON JESUIT COLLEGES: "Our students come to us conditioned by the postwar atmosphere they breathe, the only one they have ever known. For most of them that atmosphere creates a close association between a degree and a future salary. It is a far cry from the days when university graduates were expected to be teachers, statesmen, gentlemen of leisure, or clerics. The value of the classical tradition for such was always fairly obvious. Today it has to be sold to a resisting public." —J.S.

(*Advertisement*)

Teach Writing For Communication

by

PORTER G. PERRIN

Professor of English, University of Washington; author of *Writer's Guide and Index to English* for college use; coauthor of *Guide to Modern English* for the upper years of high school

Any person, young or old, seeking to improve his written expression needs each time he writes to think first about his material and his purpose in presenting it. Then he must use what language he can command to communicate his ideas to a particular group of readers.

We need to give students enough information about our living and lively language to help them decide how to say what they want to say in a particular situation. We need to acquaint them with the basic structure of our language, and to help them discover the magnificent resources available to them in modern English.

Any writer has considerable range of choice in the words, constructions, sentence patterns, and types of paragraphs he uses. His writing style develops from the choices he makes among these options offered by the language. Most students need to be taught a good deal about the effects on their readers of the choices they make. They need to discover how to improve sentences, paragraphs, an entire piece of writing—to make their ideas clear to their readers. This type of English instruction is not prescriptive but descriptive; its aim is to help students select what is appropriate and effective language for their purposes.

The essential thing for students to realize is that our language is not a taskmaster but an opportunity. It offers anyone with material he wishes to convey to others the means of presenting it to them.

Curiosity about actual language processes and some feeling of freedom will in the long run produce better writing than rote learning and restrictions. Granted some information about actual usage, good English is to a considerable degree a by-product of interested, purposeful communication.

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New Books

CAMPUS U.S.A. Portraits of American Colleges in Action. *By David Boroff. Harper.* 210 *pp.* $4.50. (See EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF.)

THE USE OF ACADEMIC PREDICTION SCALES FOR COUNSELING AND SELECTING COLLEGE ENTRANTS. *By Benjamin S. Bloom and Frank R. Peters. Free Press.* 145 *pp.* $5. Designed for professionals, the authors' methods of raising the level of accuracy in predicting academic achievement will be of interest to laymen concerned with college selection and admission.

PARADOX AND PROMISE. Essays on American Life and Education. *By Harry S. Broudy. Prentice-Hall.* 176 *pp. Paperback.* $1.95. Fifteen essays by a professor of educational philosophy.

AN AMERICAN LIBRARY HISTORY READER. Contributions of Library Literature. *Selected by John David Marshall. Shoe String Press* (Hamden, Connecticut). 464 *pp.* $9. Essays on the history of libraries and the library movement in America.

MORAL EDUCATION. A Study in the Theory and Application of the Sociology of Education. *By Emile Durkheim. Free Press.* 288 *pp.* $6. First English translation of one of the author's well-known studies. Translated by Everett K. Wilson and Herman Schnurer. Edited, with an introduction by Everett K. Wilson.

THE POOR OLD LIBERAL ARTS. *By Robert I. Gannon, S.J. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.* 207 *pp.* $4. (Reviewed in this issue.)

WHO'S A GOOD TEACHER? *Edited by William J. Ellena, Margaret Stevenson, and Harold V. Webb. American Association of School Administrators (1201 16th St., N.W., Washington 6).* 54 *pp. Paperback.* $2. An analysis of what research has to say about evaluating the effectiveness of teachers.

FREEING INTELLIGENCE THROUGH TEACHING. *By Gardner Murphy. Harper.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. An eminent psychologist analyzes the process of teaching and learning in the light of modern knowledge.

TOWARD A DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION. *By H. Gordon Hullfish. College of Education, Ohio State University.* 90 *pp. Paperback.* $2. Lectures delivered at the Meiji University Postgraduate School under the auspices of the Institute for Democratic Education.

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Benezet

Continued from page 45

search for an Excellence that will help America sell her way of life to the less privileged millions in Latin America, Africa, and Asia. To these people, any schooling at all is a dream of Excellence.

Similarly disturbing is a parallel growth in the idea that Excellence in education means no more than hard work and lots of it. There is nothing wrong with hard work, whether it be wood-chopping or reading a long history assignment. There is, however, something wrong with a naïve acceptance that quantity of work, alone and unaided, will produce the excellent student or the excellent man. Currently education has reacted to the Sputnik trauma by going on a heavy-assignment binge; this has extended through college down to the junior high school. There used to be a subject matter known as educational psychology, which sought to determine the best condition for individual development through learning, on the part of a human being at various ages. Such data apparently have been cast aside, as we now are expected to assume that if a fifteen-year-old at the end of a long day can study two hours a night, he will become twice as smart by being made to study four hours a night.

College faculty are enjoying their innings on quantity of work, and no doubt they are due for them. Student workloads increase; extracurricular activities wither, as the student says he has no time for such distractions. The trend in many ways is satisfying. But will it produce Excellence?

MANY faculty seem content that it will. They point to improvements in class discussion and the maturity of term papers. Independent study and honors courses are spreading like wildfire, not only through the private colleges, but also throughout most of the state universities. Most honors programs represent enrichment of standard courses in major fields. Less is being done in interdisciplinary ventures such as studies combining psychology and the fine arts, or questions arising out of two fields such as history and philosophy, or biology and sociology. Not much is being done to guide students into explorations not bound by courses at all.

What it comes to in the main is that the professor today is finding it increasingly feasible to create students in his own image. This is very necessary for the production of more college teachers, and we need a quarter-million in the next decade. On the other hand, it does not apply so well to the graduating majority who will not become college teachers. To identify Excellence in education with the production of more academic scholars is good; yet it still represents a parochial definition. It does not encompass all that the colleges themselves say they wish to achieve in American youth, as brave lists of educational aims in the front pages of their catalogues reveal.

SO WE are faced with a feeling of unfulfillment in the meaning of Excellence as it is coming from the academic world. A large segment of higher education has taken advantage of its national boom to define Excellence in the student as obedience to the call for stronger conventional preparation and more diligent study. We need to go further. Not much progress has yet been seen concerning an Excellence as it might refer to how we can produce people who show a more sympathetic awareness of society's demands upon themselves; a keener interest in tackling our hardest problems such as integration, overpopulation, farm surpluses, or world peace; more careful and impartial reasoning on public issues; creative imagination; livelier appreciation of order and beauty as preconditions for the good city; concern over national stagnation and cheapened ethics; or deeper thinking about the implications of the scientific revolution, which as C. P. Snow observes have been more fully grasped by the Soviets than by the Western peoples.

To produce qualities such as these begs an Excellence more searching than the fulfillment of class assignments or the writing of a major-department thesis. Excellence is more than academic excellence. It is not independent of courses, paper-writing, examinations, and laboratory work. But it makes new demands upon them and asks more support from the college community at the same time. It calls for bringing out the full dynamics possible in a campus.

First, however, it calls for a more general agreement that it is the business of a college to aim its program toward goals of this order.

The recent report of the President's Commission on National Goals leaves no uncertainty about the breadth of the task ahead of us. Our national life has faltered. Now that the specious election debate is over, there is no disagreement that we have lost our way as a nation and must find it again. If we are to find our way again, whatever the colleges can do will need to be joined by home, church, government, and private enterprise, in the myriad varieties of informal education all these comprise. It is not the job of college education alone, obviously; but college education should accept its share.

The President's Commission Report states:

"The American citizen in the years ahead ought to devote a larger portion of his time and energy directly to the solution of the nation's problems. . . . Above all, Americans must demonstrate in every aspect of their lives the fallacy of a purely selfish attitude—the materialistic ethic. . . ."

If formal education, higher education in particular, is to join the commitment to goals like these, some major changes will need to be made. John Gardner, in his supporting essay for the Commission on National Goals, sums it up:

"In some measure it is a problem of organizing ourselves to achieve our objectives. The somewhat blind evolutionary process of the educational past is no longer suited to the needs of our fast-changing society."

The objectives, as Mr. Gardner implies, exist. Our trouble is that we have allowed the college effort to fall short: that is, to serve shorter-range, more specialized objectives in turning out graduates to be professionally employable and socially acceptable. To go beyond these bread-and-butter attainments will require a new order of determination in leadership. It will require gaining agreement among professors that reproduction of their own kind is not the only goal for their teaching, whether or not it remains their fondest goal.

First, we must persuade college professors that educational aims more personal than competence in standard courses are susceptible to action. Nearly every college of liberal arts commits itself to such aims for "broad development of the student," including even the improvement of his character. But on nine-tenths of the campuses, goals like these, even when written by the faculty themselves, are dismissed as promotional rhetoric, or as good things that are bound to happen through exposure to college teaching. Faculties suffer allergies to studies aimed at deliberately finding out what actually is being achieved in students concerning the broader goals for education. Such things can be studied, but the techniques will have to be smuggled in until they become better accepted.

Second, the faculty should be persuaded to place its direct teaching attention more upon the first two years of college than the last two. These are the years for either nobly winning or meanly losing the enthusiasm of the student for values outside his previous experience and often in contrast to his early setting. He needs to discover a taste for challenging his own assump-

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tions. Classes should be small; the most experienced teachers should sit with the freshmen; subject matter should be flexibly and ingeniously used; seminars and conferences ought to be frequent in these first two years. As it is now, most colleges, especially those in the great universities, concentrate among their freshmen and sophomores the largest classes, the most cut-and-dried materials and methods, and the most junior faculty, often amounting to the Mikado's "terrified amateurs." Small wonder that nearly 40 per cent of all college students, on a national average, have left or transferred by the end of the sophomore year. We must do better to win the entering student, and academic toughness alone will not do it.

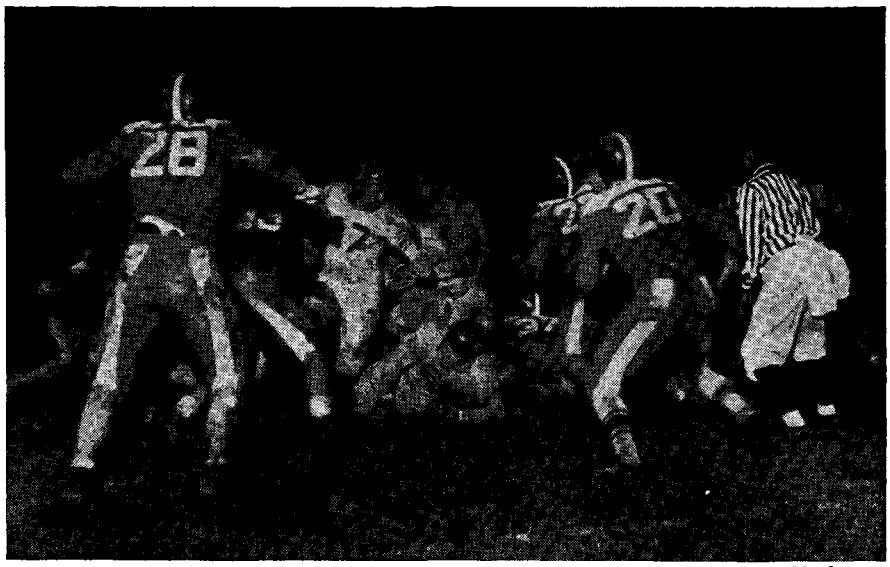
Third, we should try harder to end the cold war between professors and student personnel officers. I believe a common meeting ground might be sought among the legitimate data from the psychology of learning. It remains a fact that on all but a few campuses the professional personnel worker is viewed by the academic faculty with either hostility or condescension. Professors seem convinced that professional guidance is a form of alchemy. Hence, teachers in the main are using but a tiny portion of the available personnel evidence on students. It is a faculty status symbol to regard the "personneler" as a sort of babysitter who is kept to chase down absentees and write reassuring notes to parents. The occasional professor with an impulse to use personnel information is liable to be condemned by his colleagues as guilty by association, and he soon abandons his notion. The public is unaware of the extent to which the student personnel office and the academic faculty operate in separate spheres; in forty years we have made little progress toward solving the trouble. It is a real block to achieving Excellence in the student as a person.

Fourth, a sustained effort should be made to throw out false and superficial inducements to learning. In one way or another most of these refer to our obsession with grades. A few colleges that have ended the grading system, like those truly brave ones that have thrown out faculty ranks, have shown what can be done. It *is* possible to interest students in intrinsic learning, once we rid ourselves of the ancient hobby of making book on each performance. Grades may be useful for checking the memory of items of fact or the solving of pat mathematical problems. As a system for evaluating attainment of broad educational aims, it remains a failure. Few teachers have any systematic idea of how to grade fairly. Grading is also the chief villain behind the quiet scandal of pervasive college cheating. Along with the minimizing of grades, or even without it, installation of an honor principle is a national must if college education is to grow out of its swaddling clothes.

Fifth, colleges should move to reward real learning among students and real teaching among professors. For the former, plenty of rewards will come to mind once the stranglehold of grades has been broken. For the rewarding of teaching, we must solve not only what Jacques Barzun calls the Ph.D. racket but also, perhaps even more importantly, the publishing racket. The layer of scholarly publications is spreading over the landscape of higher education like a new Glacial Age. We are told that research agencies find it cheaper and quicker to perform a piece of research themselves than to wade through the literature to find out whether it has been done elsewhere. I would propose as a starter that we aim toward cutting down 30 per cent of scholarly published material, by charging committees of peers with the power to screen out the less genuine contribution to knowledge. With the time saved from putting out that 30 per cent, professors could rediscover the joys of creative teaching. Administrators could then renew their courage properly to recognize such teaching. This suggestion is made in a holy faith that the 70 per cent of scholarly material left will be ample to advance man's knowledge and light the windows of civilization.

Last, the college community needs to look at itself as an example of National Goals at work. It is not comfortable to think of faculty and students whose idealism for learning is damaged by compromises observed immediately around them in their institutional setting. For just one example, must we not cite the inability of the American university to declare its stand on education *vs.* public entertainment? The excuse for professionalized teams and great atheletic spectacles is that they pay for the nonpaying sports and the physical education program. Such claims could stand an audit. When the total costs in time, materials, public relations offices, and human preoccupation have been added to the outright dollar costs, and when this total has been placed against what might be done by a like preoccupation with the broader education of students, few if any universities will be able to speak for the big-time sports program. The real professional football, basketball, hockey, and baseball—the best spectator sports in the world—are now abundantly available to the public, either live or on television. It is a good time for higher education to step out of a losing business. The fact that most of our universities still struggle to justify million-dollar athletic programs has meant more to the impairment of Excellence in higher education than any one has so far measured. Athletics are simply one illustration, but a most conspicuous one, of needed changes that will have to be faced if Excellence in education is to become more than a limited academic symbol or an empty boast.

The task of creating genuine Excellence in the development of American citizens through education may still not be too great for us. If we can begin by agreeing what the task truly entails, we may set our course toward an education that in time will become Excellence indeed.



—*Monkmeyer*

"There is excellence in education and excellence in hired skill, and seldom the twain shall meet."

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Schrag

Continued from page 55

departments in area high schools, discussing curriculum problems and teaching materials. The colleges are sending undergraduates as teacher aides into the schools and they are discussing a plan for sending visiting lecturers to high school classes.

Last year there were meetings of teachers of English, history, and mathematics. Each college sent two faculty members; each of four area high schools sent two. The college people got something of an idea of what the high schools are up against. More meetings of teachers in different fields are taking place this year. Some have been called on the initiative of the schools. As a result, where there was no communication between school and college before, ideas are exchanged and collaboration is growing.

In the summer of 1960 a committee of college and high school history teachers began work on units for a new secondary-school American history course. Operating with a modest $2,000 grant provided by the four colleges, the committee drew up manuals of readings, assignments, and other material designed to break away from the usual pattern of textbook learning. The units were tried in five schools—Amherst High School, Longmeadow High School, Hopkins Academy (a public high school in Hadley), South Hadley High School, and Northhampton High School. The success of the trials led to a proposal to extend the project during the summer of 1961.

The benefits of the work with the schools run both ways. Undergraduates who flirt with teaching careers can try themselves out. The first year the teacher aide program was tried by Amherst there were four students in one school. Last year there were fifteen in four schools. Some of the boys discovered that teaching wasn't for them. For most of them it's been a great experience—and the schools are enthusiastic.

Amherst, which does not have a formal teacher training program, does not give academic or any other credit for teacher aide work. No pay is involved. Nevertheless, the list of those who want to try teacher aide work grows each year. Undergraduates help supervise extracurricular activities, observe and help plan classroom lessons, tutor special students, and occasionally teach a unit themselves.

The colleges have jointly begun to tap the community for specialized personnel. A central file of persons interested in part-time work is used repeatedly to find laboratory assistants, readers, and secretaries with special skills. Housewives, including a number of wives of men stationed at Westover Air Base, have found employment on one of the four campuses as a result of joint recruiting efforts. "Somebody needed a reader in Oriental art," Professor Packard said. "Who'd ever expect there'd be such a person in the valley? But we found one." Professor Packard's office has also turned up chemists, physicists, and mathematicians for certain specialized jobs.

The results of the cooperation have been tangible and intangible. Undergraduates suddenly discover that classmates from neighboring colleges are not as stupid or as snobbish or as unimaginative as they thought. They learn that a state university can be intellectually demanding and that a private liberal arts college is not confined to upper-class sissies. "They knit in class over there," said an Amherst student, "but they're sharp." But the primary benefits are in getting and keeping faculties. An able scholar and teacher is not likely to come in the first place or remain long if he never sees more than a handful of students and has either no colleagues at all in his subject or only one or two. By cooperative action, he may have advanced courses with a suitable number of students, and he will certainly have a larger number of colleagues. Also among the benefits is the ability to offer advanced work in many areas without bankrupting a particular institution.

This fall, Professor Stuart M. Stoke of Mount Holyoke College succeeded Professor Packard as co-ordinator. Since the position was created, the duties have grown to such an extent that Professor Stoke will devote full time to them—a tribute both to Professor Packard and to the possibilities of cooperation.

Although academic nationalism is on the way out, there are few people who fear that any of the institutions is losing its distinctive characteristics. Through cooperative action, indeed, institutions may be in a better position to reaffirm the features that distinguish them since each will be in a stronger position to specialize in its own strengths.

Zacharias

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regrets that the whole science curriculum wasn't revised.

Well, so does Dr. Zacharias, but his argument that you have to start somewhere is hard to refute. For the edification of a couple of recent visitors he drew a line on the blackboard in his office. Down one side he listed all the fields of knowledge. Down the other, he listed the age groups involved in education from the kindergarten through the university. Complete revision, he said, is needed for all of the fields of knowledge, and a stepped-up program for all the age groups. "I would like to see," he said, "a McGuffey's Reader on soap bubbles for three-year-olds."

But more than that, he feels that the whole educational field can be rolled back three or four years, so that a ninth-grader would be taking a college freshman course. "I would like to help push the non-science side of the house," he said, pointing to the list on the blackboard. "Let me put it this way," he added with a touch of malice, "I would be delighted but amazed if you could find aggressive humanists who would show the necessary initiative."

"Our physics effort," he continued, "has been about 1 per cent of the total effort necessary to bring all materials at all age levels to higher standards." He puts the price tag for upgrading the substance of learning at one or two hundred million dollars a year, and it is clear that he intends to play a role in the larger program.

No longer only a physicist or science teacher, Zacharias is now inextricably involved in curriculum reform. At present he is embarked on a program of sweeping changes for the education of children in the new African nations, a program whose reverberations will undoubtedly be felt here as well.

"The object of our educational effort," he says, "Is not just to provide more physicists or more scientists or more technologists or more professional scholars of any sort; it is to be part of a greater effort to make science a part of our culture, and to make learning part of everyone's life."

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Editorial

Continued from page 30

of State Dean Rusk has said that far more nuclear power is available than the entire human race could sustain.

However, no one now knows exactly how much nuclear megatonage will be exploded in a major war. So long as there is even a small chance that the megatonage will fall far short of maximum possibilities, a country dweller may feel justified in taking the shelter gamble. But at least he will not be kidding himself about his chances. For the urban dweller, whose city is a nuclear target, however, the chances may be too slight to warrant calculation, even though a fraction of the megatonage available will be used. It doesn't take too many hydrogen explosives to expunge the cities. And anyone who lives within fifty miles of a major city is vulnerable to the effects described above.

Basically, therefore, the entire question of shelters is a personal one. The individual must make up his own mind based on his own best understanding of the range of probabilities in a nuclear war and his own philosophy of life. But it is unconscionable and contemptible to kid him, or to lead him to believe that 97 per cent of the people in shelters can be saved, or that life inside shelters can somehow be made glamourous, or that Mary Jane will be able to call her friends on the telephone, or that, after the attack, life will be resumed as usual. Life will not be resumed as usual. Those who survive will embark upon an ordeal unlike anything the human race as a race has ever known. The supply of uncontaminated food will run out; even the rain will be poisoned.

When the survivors crawl out of their holes they will not be looking at the world they knew. The crust of the earth will be burned and clotted; anything that stands, whether a tree or a structure, will be charred and skeletonized. There will be no communications, there will be no hospitals, there will be no institutions to attend to the needs of human society. This is what nuclear war is. No deodorizing can change the fact.

Not all the advocates of shelters believe that shelters will provide the advertised protection. Their position is strategical and political rather than scientific. That is, they believe that it is important for the enemy to know—as in the case of the present Berlin crisis—that the American people have the will to fight a nuclear war. And a widespread shelter program may be considered evidence of such. Moreover, they believe that, if we can get enough people underground at the time of an initial attack, we may be able to destroy the enemy utterly before he has time to attempt a second strike. This may leave us with enough people to carry on the work of rebuilding a nation.

The trouble with this strategical approach is that it works both ways. An enemy, determined to destroy this country in a first strike, may respond to the mass shelter program by polishing even further his surprise-attack capabilities.

Finally, if the case for shelters has any logic, it should become a government function. The government should plan a national program in line with its Constitutional responsibility. Moreover, if we are to take the need for shelters seriously, all our plans should be tied to the absence of warning time. This means that *deep* (perhaps 400 feet or more) mass underground shelters should be built from one end of the country to the other. They should be capable of growing their own food. They should have practically everything underground we now have above ground. They should have communications systems, hospitals, libraries, cultural centers. Most important of all is the fact that we should move into them immediately, for there will not be enough time to get into them once the bombs fall.

In short, if we take nuclear war for granted and wish to protect ourselves against its effects, we have to be prepared very soon to abandon our natural environment. There is no assurance, however, that the various groups linked together by the underground system would not find some way of getting at one another to do murder, if one group has something that another wants.

The time to make a stand is now, not later. The answer to nuclear war is a genuine peace. The answer to drift is direction. The answer to insanity is sanity. If the energy, money, and resources now going into shelters were to be put to work in the making of a better world, we would do far more to safeguard the American future than all the underground holes that could be built in 1,000 years. And if we are serious about shelters, let us make the United Nations into a shelter broad enough and deep enough to sustain an enforced peace under law.

The war has not yet begun. Freedom, however abused, still exists. Perhaps we can use that freedom to rally enough peoples around the idea of a world under law. President Kennedy's talk before the United Nations stated the problem and pointed to a way out. If enough Americans are willing to commit themselves personally to the support of the President's proposals, it might make a difference, a very big difference. —N.C.

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RX: RETIREMENT—Inexpensive living in 100 year old Vermont village house just remodeled. Old floors and cupboards; new paint, paper, wiring, heating, plumbing. Spring water. Good neighbors. Land, garden small; brook bordered. Ruth Davry, Realtor, Woodstock, Vermont.

CARMEL—50 miles Manhattan. Beautiful new 2 bedroom house, fireplace. Idyllic woodland setting, sportsman's paradise. Convenient, all year country retreat. Asking $14,900 with acre. Box V-459, MUrray Hill 3-8933 NYC.

NUTLEY, N.J.—Can you afford $45,000 for advanced Corbusier style redwood home atop hill in integrated community? Exciting view of New York skyline, 20 minutes to city. Cecil Hewitt, 85 Avon Avenue, Newark, N.J. Bigelow 2-2260.

LARGE, 100-YEAR-OLD house, modernized. Artistic location, overlooking large pond, timber. 22 acres. V. Sorenson, South Shaftsbury, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

IN ARIZONA'S MILD WINTER, modern cottages completely furnished, secluded in superb scenery of Chiricahua Mountains near Douglas. Ideal for artists, birders, nature-lovers. Write CAVE CREEK RANCH, Portal, Arizona.

SUMMER SOUTH AMERICA—MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay. Beautiful house, completely furnished, exclusive section near beaches. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $1,500—December 1961-April 1962. Box V-443.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

IDEAL LOCATION—65th, Fifth-Madison, 2½ rooms, large living room, fireplace. 6 months or longer, $200. PLaza 9-1341.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

CINCINNATI apartment to share with young professional man. Box V-453.

APARTMENTS WANTED

PROFESSOR and wife want Manhattan furnished apartment. February-June, 1962. Call TRafalgar 7-2997 NYC.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

LUXURY bomb shelter, four Jet hours from Manhattan. Modern, fully equipped cooperative apartment, $15,000. Excellent investment opportunity. Inquiries: P.O. Box 511, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, West Indies.

VACATIONS

MEXICO has its Caribbean island, too. It's Cozumel. And on Cozumel Island it's the . . . Cabanas del Caribe, Cozumel, Quintana Roo, Mexico.

HATHAWAY LODGE, open all year. Foods and legal beverages. Skiers, hunters, winter vacationers. Write or phone: Tannersville 439, Haines Falls, N.Y.

MOTIVE. If you need an excuse to come here we can't help you. But reasons we can give you galore ● Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

NEARBY RESORTS for adults or families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful Fall vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Blazing foliage. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful Alabama Hotel in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park making out-of-doors living a delight. 1,500 feet private frontage on Lake Maitland. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $12 to $18. Open year round.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York, Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

TRAVEL

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

YOUR VILLA or apartment in Europe has been inspected, photographed, reserved for you by AT HOME ABROAD, INC. travel-rental service. Ideal, relaxed vacation abroad, parents and children, second trippers. Appointment only. 300 Central Park West, NYC, TRafalgar 4-4883.

AROUND THE WORLD SEMINAR. Sponsored by American Friends Service Committee. Dates: January 15th through March 2nd, 1962. Seminars and sightseeing in Japan, Hong Kong, Cambodia, India, Central Africa. Write AFSC, 4211 Grand, Des Moines 12, Iowa.

WHAT'S a good age for travel? In 1961 the CROW'S NEST TOUR to Europe had an age range from 16 to 80! Plans for 1962: 9 countries, 39 days, Sabena Jet, private cars, July-August. Get the full details from Donald Hart, Jr., Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford 3, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221. (Incidentally, the party's limited to 15).

TRIPS TO ISRAEL, Greece and everywhere. Call or write: Israel Express, Inc., 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC. CIrcle 7-3783.

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.75. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic .

HOLIDAY BACK-COUNTRY and peak climbing—Mexico. December 17th-January 6th, 1962—$350. Wampler Trail Trips, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

NEAREST THE United Nations the nicest hotel . . . you'll agree . . . is the TUDOR. Many of your fellow-guests here are from the United Nations. Quiet, comfortable, handy to shops, theatres and the "sights." Singles from $6. Doubles from $9. Garage. Write Hotel Tudor, 304 East 42nd Street, NYC, or Telephone Area Code 212—YUkon 6-8800.

VACATION IN BERMUDA at stay-at-home prices. Cook's offers the Resident-Rate Plan. Enjoy the beautiful Princess Hotel, in an air-conditioned double occupancy room with private bath for $8.48 per day. And this includes 3 marvelous meals and daily tea! The Resident-Rate Plan is available from now to March. 1 month $300, 2nd month $250, 3rd month only $200! Transportation to Bermuda is additional, but as low as $95 RT. All features of the famous Princess Hotel are available to Resident-Rate Plan guests, including the two heated pools, launch to Riddell's Bay Golf Course, parties, etc. For information and reservations write to Mr. S.R. Hill, Thos. Cook & Son, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1439

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Icosian.

B. Discriminating marks or signs.

C. Cause of trouble in respect to some person or thing (2 wds.).

D. A composition of dust of ivory or bone with cement.

E. Petition urgently.

F. Cut off.

G. The word (though labeled erroneous) for the leaves or grass thrown down in handfuls by gypsies to leave a trail.

H. System of gov't in which all have equal power.

I. Servile.

J. The "sable goddess" in Young's "Night Thoughts."

K. Ambiguity of speech.

L. Said of a hybrid which resembles one parent more than the other.

M. Disemboweled.

N. Pertaining to an established social group.

WORDS

5 149 179 36 189 65 140 86 24

52 193 16 80 29 91 94

122 57 145 151 90 126 104 40 154 93

127 48 153 175 118 8 106

70 164 85 17 63 133 78

188 168 125 157 183

19 99 136 124 159 6 169 45

137 56 102 158 107 131 75 98

121 27 33 190 50 76 150 18 42 182

130 35 23 69 165

25 31 20 105 49 120 138 173 166

194 30 139 108 54 4 147 21 74 163 142

114 13 192 37 10 88 95 44 53 32 117

170 60 38 171 123 2

DEFINITIONS

O. Familiar way of referring to the county officially named Southampton in England.

P. Shifty.

Q. English poet as famous for quarrelsome nature as for his writings (1775-1864), caricatured by Dickens in "Bleak House".

R. Of equal thickness, said of lines on maps analogous to contour lines.

S. One thing as important in baseball as in making a cake (2 wds.).

T. Excited palpitation.

U. Danish writer who shared 1915 Nobel Prize for literature.

V. Celebrating victory.

W. Give into the care of another.

X. Upon hearing instructions to start (3 wds.).

Y. Gaseous, radioactive element formerly called niton.

Z. Gaze.

WORDS

178 12 81 167 26

111 132 143 43 181 128 3

186 162 58 46 184 72

71 15 41 119 109 134 87 7 47 92

177 83 129 62 79 61 68 156 115

185 64 77 34 174

97 51 66 39

28 101 187 144 9 148 172 135 22

11 191 82 180 55 112 103

146 155 161 152 1 110 73 141 67

89 84 96 176 116

100 113 59 160 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 X	2 N	3 P	4 L	5 A	6 G	7 R	8 D	9 V	10 M		11 W	12 O	13 M
14 Z	15 R	16 B	17 E	18 I	19 G	20 K	21 L	22 V	23 J		24 A	25 K	26 O		27 I	28 V
29 B	30 L	31 K	32 M		33 I	34 T		35 J	36 A	37 M	38 N	39 U	40 C	41 R	42 I	43 P
	44 M	45 G	46 Q		47 R	48 D	49 K	50 I	51 U	52 B	53 M	54 L	55 W	56 H		57 C
58 Q		59 Z	60 N	61 S		62 S	63 E	64 T	65 A	66 U	67 X		68 S	69 J	70 E	
71 R	72 Q	73 X	74 L		75 H	76 I	77 T	78 E	79 S	80 B	81 O		82 W	83 S	84 Y	85 E
	86 A	87 R	88 M	89 Y	90 C		91 B	92 R		93 C	94 B	95 M	96 Y	97 U	98 H	
99 G		100 Z	101 V	102 H	103 W		104 C	105 K	106 D	107 H	108 L		109 R		110 X	111 P
112 W	113 Z	114 M	115 S	116 Y		117 M	118 D	119 R	120 K	121 I	122 C	123 N	124 G		125 F	126 C
	127 D	128 P	129 S	130 J		131 H		132 P	133 E	134 R	135 V	136 G	137 H	138 K	139 L	140 A
141 X		142 L	143 P	144 V		145 C	146 X	147 L	148 V		149 A	150 I	151 C	152 X		153 D
154 C	155 X	156 S	157 F		158 H	159 G	160 Z	161 X	162 Q	163 L	164 E	165 J	166 K		167 O	168 F
169 G	170 N		171 N	172 V	173 K		174 T	175 D	176 Y	177 S	178 O	179 A	180 W		181 P	182 I
	183 F	184 Q	185 T		186 Q	187 V	188 F	189 A	190 I	191 W	192 M	193 B	194 L			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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B&G PRESENTS

THE FOUR PRINCES

Four French regional wines of birth and breeding

Prince D'Argent from Burgundy

Prince Noir from Bordeaux

Prince Blanc from Bordeaux

Prince Rouge from Burgundy

These *Four Princes* are here as Ambassadors from France, bringing good news to the wine lovers of America. Each *Prince* bears the best possible credentials — the "B & G" initials on the label, which mark it as a Barton & Guestier selection. And each is living proof that you need no longer pay a king's ransom for a genuine Bordeaux or Burgundy.

the finest wines of France

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characteristically firm and rich in flavor

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